A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE

BY E. I. ROBSON

$3.00

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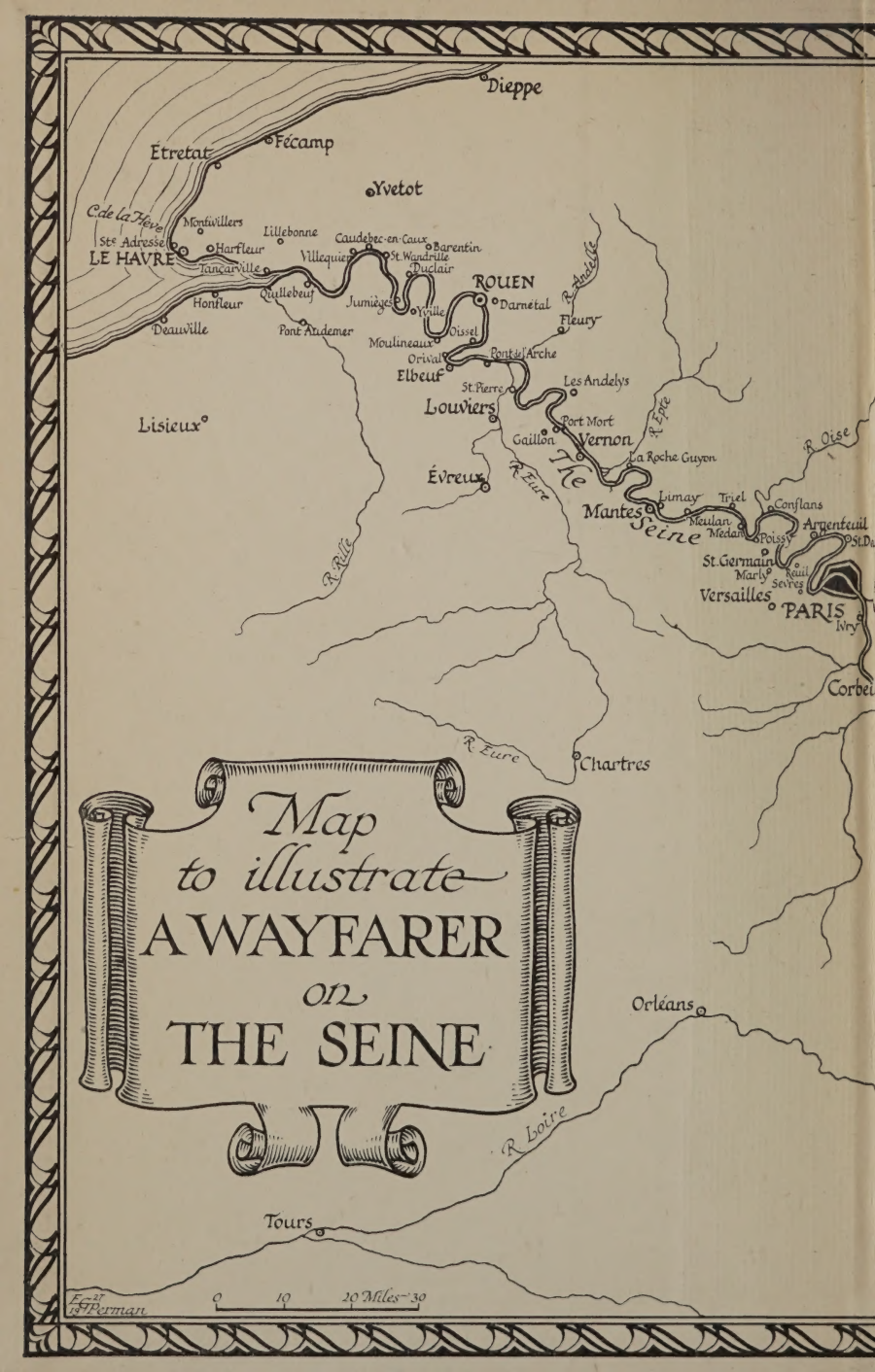
By E. I. Robson

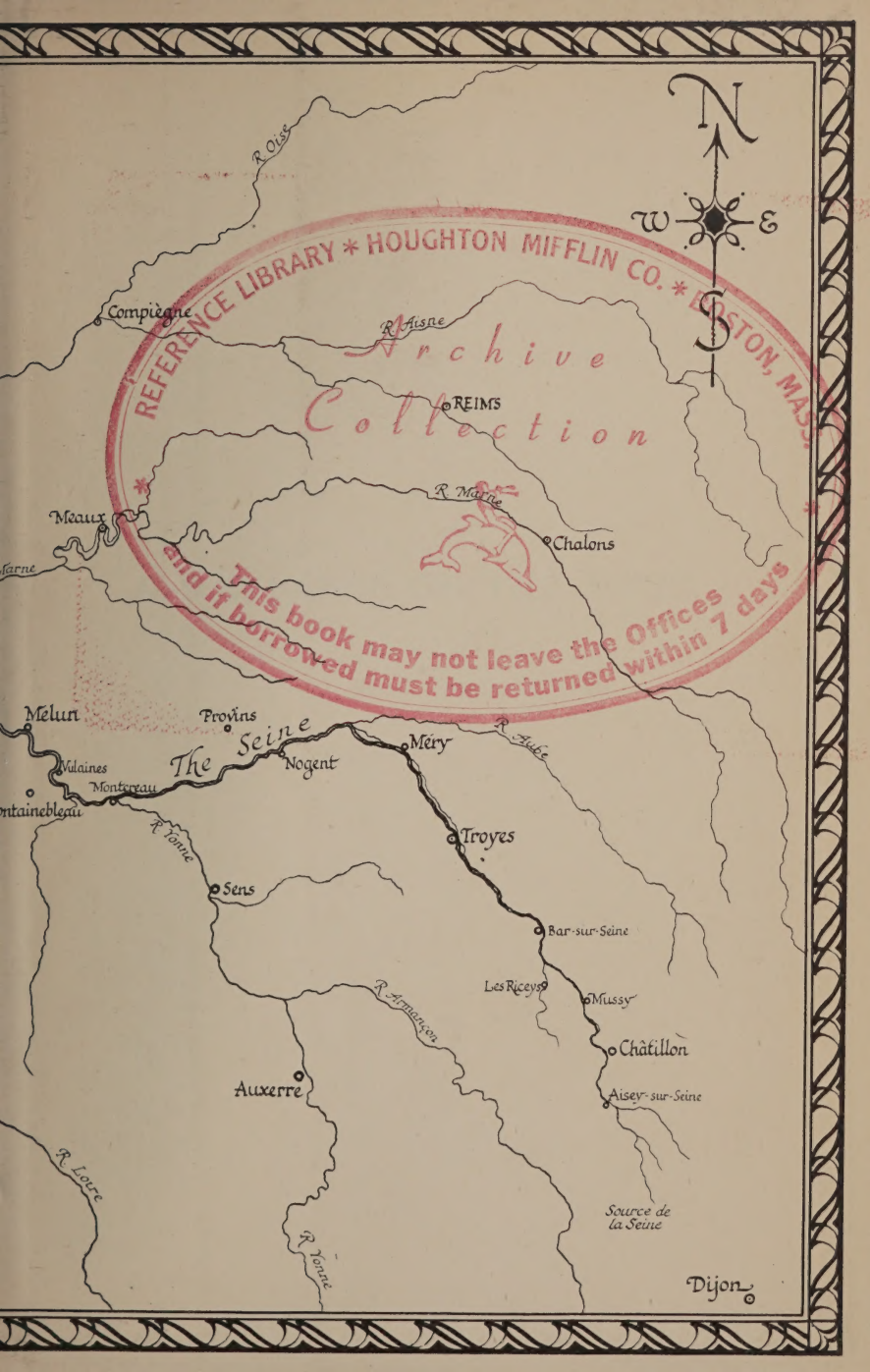
MR. E. I. ROBSON, who has delighted many European travellers with his 'Wayfarer in Provence' and 'Wayfarer on the Loire,' has chosen for his subject in this book the River Seine and the country, the towns, and the villages through which it passes. He takes the reader with him up the Seine from Le Havre to Caudebec, Jumieges, Rouen, and Paris. After writing of Paris as a port he continues on his way to Troyes, Chatillon, and Source Seine.

Mr. Robson writes with humor and enthusiasm of the French village and its inhabitants, the mayor, the innkeeper, the children, and the friendly and interested peasants. He knows and appreciates the French character and the French country. No more pleasant travelling companion could be imagined than this book.



Map to illustrate A WAYFARER on THE SEINE

E. H. Perman



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A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE

RUE VAULUISANT, TROYES

A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE

BY

E. I. ROBSON

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. R. E. HOWARD

AND A MAP

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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PREFACE

THE Seine, described in detail, would require several volumes, and Paris, with its neighbourhood, would fill at least one. The purpose of this work is to invite the wayfarer to study and love the Seine, and to guide his observation and, in some degree, his judgment, when he is on its banks. Paris, with its surroundings within fifty miles, has recently been the subject of a special work,[1] and I have therefore considered the Seine in and about Paris chiefly as leading to and forming the Port of Paris. There are many fascinating places near, but not on, the Seine, which it would have been pleasant to include; but though the lure of Provins was not to be resisted, this would have robbed the book of that continuity and unity which the river itself gives it. It has also not been easy, even for an unemotional

[1] *Fifty Miles Round Paris*, by Miss C. Hill. Methuen & Co., 1926.

Englishman, to avoid the rhapsodies into which French writers on the Seine easily and pardonably slip. The detail and the rhapsodies will be supplied by the wayfarers themselves.

The work from which a quotation appears on page xi opens up one serious aspect of the study of the Seine which cannot find a place in this book. But I commend *La France Gastronomique*[1] to all readers who like to know what they ought to eat and what they may perhaps be eating.

My brother Ernest gave me much keen criticism (which means kind help) when the book was in its earlier stages.

E. I. R.

June 1927

[1] By Curnonsky and Rouff.

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"Lorsque nous arrivons par la locomotive
(Que ce soit par la droite ou par la gauche rive)
Nous passionnons les Syndicats d'Initiative"

La France Gastronomique, Normandie
(second line adapted)

A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

NORTHERN FRANCE is no better than anywhere else in winter, but it is a good month ahead of England in April. There is no real reason for this, since the farther distance south, along the line Havre to Paris, ought not to make so much difference. No doubt the Gulf Stream has something to do with it. The main thing is that by starting our travels in April we get straight into May, and usually a genuine May—not the poor substitute we often get at home.

Though the country is for a great part flat, save for the cliffs and hills along the Seine, it is especially beautiful in April, when the apple-trees are all in blossom and you walk on a greensward carpeted with delicate little confetti, scattered, no doubt, to celebrate the wedding of Boreas and Orithyia.

Those whose travel must be done in August will find roads dusty and hotels on the Lower Seine full, but the country-side remains beautiful enough.

Early October is not too late, and autumn is then laying " a fiery finger on the leaves ".

The means of travel up the Seine are motors,

trains (which, however, desert the river at some of its best points), motor-diligence (as, for instance, from Yvetot to Caudebec-en-Caux), in the summer many autocars, the Havre-to-Rouen steamers (their times of departure vary with the tides), and, for those who possess them, private yachts and small motor-barges. As to these private ships and the conditions which regulate them, I am myself ignorant, not being a proud possessor. For yachts, the yacht clubs will give information. But, as regards motor-boats, I can authoritatively say this, that the locks (" écluses ") on the Seine are a great obstacle to progress, precedence always, and rightly, being given to barges, which often take more than an hour to pass through.

Then there is Shank's-mare, and this I heartily recommend for the actual river stretches, though the cuts across the bends, off the river, appear to me a bit too dull for long stretches on foot. There is, taking it all in all, no way of really getting to know a people and their country so good as tramping. I would advise for trampers a liberal use of trains for the duller bits, but these, as I have said, are the bits where you leave the river ; the river itself, except perhaps along the Marais on the left bank of the estuary, is never dull, and though its scenery is for long stretches rather of one type, it is a pleasing type throughout. For the homely pedal-bicycle the Seine valley still remains a paradise.

One or two things will at once strike the wayfarer. There is no towing-path running continuously along

the river, though with good maps and with judicious use of the ferries one can do a very great deal right along the banks. There must, of course, have once been a continuous towing-path, and it is puzzling to find the river-side paths every now and then cut off—often by a small factory, with its private wharf.

Then there are two great sorrows about Seine travel. As one sees the barges pass, either in a long string behind some puffing *Bee* or *Wasp* (why are not these painted in black and yellow ?) or solitary, with their own motor-power, one's thoughts turn to Holland, where you could before, and certainly during, the war—and can presumably to-day—go down and chum up with a baggy bargee for a passage to wheresoever the spirit moves you. To sit behind a cargo of whiffy cheese or hides on a warm day is not all joy, but it is an admirable way to rove about—and there are always the public diligence-boats as well.

This one cannot do on the Seine ; most of the traffic is through traffic and cannot pick you up, even if it were inclined to do so. The Seine, under the Dutch conditions, and minus the cheese and hides, would be perfect.

Then, not being a " Fairy Know-all ", I cannot for the life of me tell why one cannot go beyond Rouen in a steamer or passenger barge plying for hire between Rouen and Méry. From Rouen, and towards Paris, when you get near it, you can, of course, do something by local river traffic. People,

when I asked them, only said that the twists of the river so lengthened the time of the passage that few tourists would face the journey. To me these twists, or " buckles ", are a great part of the attraction, and a voyage from Havre to Méry would be one of the great joys of European travel.

There must be a question of vested interests or something of the kind which hinders what, for two or three summer months, would seem to be an obvious and comfortable means of transit. At Vernon lies an old pleasure barge, now, I think, a restaurant ; it looks just the thing—if fitted with a motor—to attract the non-hustling tourist. If one were bored, one could descend at will, as one does in Holland. No doubt the locks absorb some little time ; but in Holland one rather enjoys the locks, and the little boys and girls of France do not, as far as we know, pelt travellers from above with stones.

Still, it is no use regretting ; there are no Dutch barges on the Seine, save such as come down from the north direct. We still have an ample variety of locomotion.

A word about the Seine ferries which one finds at quite frequent intervals up to Rouen. They are often odd-looking, lopsided contraptions, but they get there, and they take you for nothing. Where there are not the big ferries there are small boats for passengers only. At Rosny-sur-Seine—and no doubt elsewhere on the Seine—is a ferry which works by black art ; it is attached to an overhead

cable, and, once pushed out, continues to plough its unhastening way till it fetches up at the opposite bank. It works, I imagine, by the pressure of the stream, which causes it to lie to, as it were, and make a sort of convenient leeway. These ferries are, or were, used on the Rhine and elsewhere.

Thus much for ways and means ; a map, of scale according to the tourists' choice (for walking, of course, the ordnance map), will always be carried.

I am inclined to the view that some French roads are as bad as they are because of the fright they got with William Law, the financier. I imagine that any Scottish-sounding name (and Macadam cannot disguise itself) would scare them, and that they would only very gingerly handle any suggestion which seemed to come from a Scottish source. Be that as it may, they have never really mastered Macadam's method. They do better with asphalting.

Let not the wayfarer—even if he is hurrying along in a swift car—neglect the villages—least of all the river villages ; it is, after all, the river which gives them their setting and their character.

Many of them have something remarkable in the way of church or château—most have little inns where one can be made quite comfortable, if one is not too exacting ; in some there are good summer hotels, or converted farmhouses, but of these one must learn from French friends—they do not appear in the guides. I write, at this moment, at one of

these farmhouses—save this occupation there is nothing to do at all. The river produces carp (trout are at a distance) and very delicious crayfish. There is a tennis-court, in itself passable, but so wired in that you must volley from the back-line. The oddest tennis is played there in the evenings; violent quarrels arise over indisputable points; the net is holey; and yet from beginnings like these sprang Suzanne. With a few people, and these regular summer migrants, there is much chatter. A little knot gathers round a new arrival, doubtfully looking at the farm-buildings, and soon a bevy of the Eternal Feminine is discussing the eternal question—mice. "Moi, je n'en ai pas peur," says each one in turn, "mais . . . " A thoughtful daughter tells her bald papa to put on his hat; he retorts that his head is yet stout enough to face a little sun. "Vieux têtu, va!" is the just riposte. In front, over the river, is a Cuyp landscape, as neat and as dull as Cuyp; on the other side is a Hobbema avenue. There is a weekly market in the neighbouring village. Women behind their stalls wear cocked hats of brown paper, such as children make in the nursery. The peasant girls with their ducks and rabbits are nearly all graceful and pretty; their betters, who bargain with them, are rather the reverse. Types go much village by village, as they do with us. Conspicuous are the eggs—you cannot fail to remark them—and I learn that the village is renowned through the department for the excellence of its eggs; five

kilometres away the same breed of hens refuses to lay anything like the same size and weight. "La vie est chère" in France, but there is evidently plenty of it. The narrow road is full of high, spacious carts; Madame drives—for there are still horses in the country in France; motors move about, but modestly. A short stay at the farmhouse makes a perfect rest-cure. Food comes round with almost pitiless abundance and regularity, but it is cooked to perfection, and choice vintages are at the same time poured into you. The farm cat—which keeps away the dreaded mouse—comes round for its reward; apparently it is named "Briquette" from what you might heave at it, if forgetful of its virtues. The name is pleasing, and I propose to call my next undrowned kitten "Demi-briquette". I have revealed elsewhere a weak and no doubt feeble mind, but after spending much time in learning laboriously the plural of "arc-en-ciel" and other useful things (I have never seen two rainbows together—it is not fair to count the reflexion), I am always astonished at the facility with which the very cats and dogs understand French. "Briquette", who was a trifle importunate at meals, understood English also quite well before I left.

These little villages, I repeat, are charming, and though one is in a sense an intruder, one is always (in my own experience at least) treated with much courtesy.

There is a post office somewhere; but as by

common consent the heat is insupportable, I entrust my scanty post cards to the "petite bonne"—already as brown as a Solomon islandess—and her bicycle. There are rumours of a telephone at the mayor's, but a bold spirit who inquired was told that the mayor was gadding about and the telephone closed for the day.

The real excitement of a very hot day has been the rescuing, before dinner, of a lamb which got into the tennis-court. Thanks (I venture to believe) largely to my own sangfroid, it was possible to rescue the foolish creature from what Sam Weller would have called its "dangerous enwironment". But the coursed animal at length fainted from momentary exhaustion, and we were all deeply stirred. One of the company voiced the feelings of the rest by marvelling that so foolish a beast could cause in us all "ces vives émotions". Anyhow, only the callous Englishman really made a hearty dinner, though the people in the next arbour (we live "sous la tonnelle") recovered enough—having doubtless marked, in the heat of the chase, the stoutness of the quarry—to inquire of madame whether the poor beast had not best be put out of its misery, provided that its moment of supreme tenderness would arrive before the date of their departure. I may add that the women all called "Viens, ma belle bête" (pronounced like a bleat), leaving the lamb much confounded by this maternal diapason.

One is awakened not by hooting of cars—though

they are hard to be rid of altogether—but by a little carillon of cows.

Many of my readers will have come to know some of these villages, but I challenge any of them to state, with hand on heart, that within a few minutes of arrival in a remote commune they have been playing, with the grocer's daughter, a game as old as the Cumæan Sybil. It was a game of divination, played with little corners of paper (the paternal bags being cut up, it seems, as required), and my instructress, a charming little girl of five or six, striking (readers of the *Golden Bough* please note) a traditional attitude and expression, intense and almost rapt, blew the fragments into the air. The game was to follow whither they led. Often this was easy. If you met a wall, you were allowed to mark time awhile and then turn; but the merriment came when the divining leaves took you straight into the cases and baskets which littered the footpath in front of the shop. "Hoc opus, hic labor erat."

I doubt also if many of my readers have lunched in a peasant's cottage (I had my own lunch, but that did not hinder vast preparations besides), where just after sitting down madame, who did not sit down at all, excused herself in order to go and ring the Angelus. She was most interested to hear all about English fashions—and I enlightened her as best I could—especially about bobbing and shingling and the prevailing worship of Venus Calva. In France—at least in the country—there is still

some hair left, and it comes as rather a relief to see it.

As is known, the French inn seldom has the stuffy, and never the beery atmosphere, of our own. Hundreds of people could spend very happy holidays "seeing their own country first" but that they are practically tied to the larger hotels, and that means the larger places, and that, in turn, means the more expensive places. France becomes possible as a wayfaring ground just because one can count upon the small places, at any rate for refreshment and rest, as much as on the big ones. One must not expect too much. In the summer afternoons they let their fire go out, and you cannot have "tilleul" or coffee, but there is always white wine and water and bread or biscuit, one of the most refreshing of all refreshments.

It is really only in the villages and quite small towns that one can get to know anything of French life and of the French people. The more I see of them, the more I like them, though certain practices of theirs I do not easily forgive, such as the exposing of skinned rabbits in public. They are a quick-witted people, as all the world knows. At one hotel I had ordered tomatoes as my vegetable and at the same time a dish which proved to be garnished also with numerous tomatoes. Even the proprietor descended from his dignity to remark to me as he passed: "I note, sir, you are fond of tomatoes!" But they are tolerant of feebler wits. When I asked for "sauterelles sautées aux

fines herbes", this poor effort brought down the less stable part of the house. But my next attempt was quite unsuccessful. From the salon next door came most dreadful sounds of strumming. "C'est du Radio-Paris?" I inquired. "Non, monsieur," replied the stolid maid, "c'est du piano; c'est une dame". I now try to be funny only in my own tongue; and yet—once I made a pun in Czech! The stolid maid got, however, her own back, being accustomed to use a polite expression, "Peut-on disposer?" before removing a dish. This was all well when one had left something for manners' sake, but became ironic when I had left only the merest head and tail of a large and delicious trout.

While waiting at one little place, sitting on the bridge over a little streak of the Seine, I met the mayor of the commune, and he told me how he had received the notices, during the war, of the seventeen killed, and seventeen times had gone with the sad news to break. In the seventeen were three brothers. He was evidently a good mayor; he knew, naturally enough, every passer-by, was proud of the sturdy boys growing up to fill the gaps and of the lithe carriage of the girls, and even knew the names of several cows. It was in this village that I learnt the "common herd" system. At an exact time in the afternoon, a quarter-past five, from every little yard rushed (motorists please note) three or four cows. Each lot was tended for about a hundred yards, and then they joined up in the communal

herd, and when the tale was duly told were ushered into the common pasture. I understood that they re-divided again without trouble when the time came. The herdswoman of the united force would bring her whole family into the pasture, perambulator and all. On one occasion a disobedient cow jumped the fence almost into my arms, or, as the French would say, "au nez", and in endeavouring to turn it into the right path I was mortified by the complete failure of all the resources of an expensive classical education. Madame, however, gave a shrill call, "Coquette!" and a very skilful dog drove the foolish creature through an opening farther on which I had failed to observe.

Harvest-time is eminently picturesque anywhere, but in France one gets the bright colours which in England one sees mostly in pea-fields and hop-gardens; the carts are curious-looking vehicles, being ordinary carts adapted by a framework. On Sundays most people turn out to do a little gleaning.

Good, when returning to the land of fogs and coal-strikers, are one's little memories, absurd nothings—for instance, that last day when I ought to have gone in a certain direction, to catch a train, and, finding the road one blaze of sunshine, decided to go at right angles to quite another place and trust to luck to pick up the train there.

So off I went—half the distance and in the shade—and I was right! Then, as it was necessary to dine there, I was directed to an "hotel at the

station"—a pitiful little inn. But, with some thought, they said it could be done; and first came soup and then a great omelet. Monsieur and madame had seized the opportunity to dine at the same moment. Was I supposed to take one-third of the omelet? Would I give offence by eating so little? Or ought I to eat it all?

One cannot temporize over an omelet. I ate as much as I could, rightly imagining that nothing substantial would follow, and then to my horror found that it was, after all, the common dish.

Then, fearing their "ordinaire," I asked for something white and good, and for sevenpence there came a small bottle, with cobwebs not laid on by the head-waiter, that had clearly lain in the cellar a very long time. I treated it with reverence, poured it out with care; it was nectar.

Then there was the Temptation of St Anthony. At a quiet little place on which I stumbled there was a punt and a river and a stout old Frenchman. In the "mauvaise demi-heure" before lunch it became naturally suggested that we should bale out the punt. I pulled it half out of the water, to throw the water aft, and the stout old man went aft to bale. Just the tiniest touch, and the old man would have shot into the water (it was a hot day) "in caput atque humeros". I would, by pulling him out, have become the hero of the day, and a devoted wife and daughter would have hot-bottled him back to health and comfort. It was a struggle.

In respect of one former great bugbear of travel, let the rawest travellers rest happy. Tipping in France has lost its terrors ; if they do not add ten per cent. on the bill, you just do it yourself, donating this quota to anyone, with a circular and comprehensive wave of the hand.

But the great thing to remember is that though it may be your money they want, they value often more—what you should never omit—your thanks, in the simpler hotels also a hand-shake, and everywhere your " compliments to the cook ". These are bound, in France, to be nearly always most sincere. The best cooking I got—even the " gigot " was excellent—was by a boy of eighteen. What a future that young man has !

French beds are always clean and the linen always good. Moreover, they are both comfortable and apt for the pressing of trousers, with us an unusual combination.

Of cooking one need not speak—certainly not in Normandy. I urge the study of a pleasing work, *La France Gastronomique, Normandie,* by Curnonsky and Marcel Rouff. Thus you will not miss the local specialities.

It is odd how few English people discover " tilleul ". For me, I am a confirmed " tilleul " drinker, and it is really very delicious and most harmless ; in fact, it is known to be most healthful, and in common with a myriad of other things is " recommended by the faculty ". Being merely the flowers and some leaves of the lime-tree, it has a delicious scent, and

tastes as it smells. It is the best substitute for the tea we crave for in mid-afternoon, and is a poetic sort of drink, calling up warm summer days and " murmur of innumerable bees ".

For the Channel crossing, should you bring a motor, I may refer to some useful hints elsewhere.[1] If you are really going to tour the Seine, by car or otherwise, Havre is your port. The roads along the Seine which I have so far traversed by car were (probably are) bad, with excellent patches here and there. At any rate, plan your motor expedition, both on account of your springs and for other general reasons, so as to be able to travel quite slowly.

For the crossing itself, I can give no special comfort. The Havre route seems to me best in bad weather; if you make a longer round, Cherbourg and Caen have their advantages. But the plain fact is that not the stoutest of us contemplates a crossing with undiluted joy. One remembers reading in one's comfortable arm-chair, of this or that gale when certain Channel packets had to stay out all night and did not arrive home till morning. For comfort, I can only say that I can only count one or two bad crossings out of many; that although the Viking blood within me very rarely goes to my head at sea, so that I am rarely sea-sick, I have come rather to regret this (though enabled to " chortle " over weaker neighbours),

[1] *A Wayfarer in Provence;* last chapter (kindly contributed by the editor of the *Autocar*).

since occasional sea-sickness is an admirable tonic —perhaps often the best health-giver on the holiday ; and also that there are certain genuine prophylactics beginning with " chloro . . . " But, after all, one can do a great deal also, on the principle of the White Queen in *Alice through the Looking Glass*, by " considering " the story of Sir Humphry Gilbert and the tiny *Squirrel* setting off to circle the world ; and then " considering " that the horse-power of the ship you travel in almost equals its quite considerable tonnage, so that there is hope that you may, as poor Sir Humphry did not, win through, after all.

Finally I urge, on the return, a visit to the Chapel of Notre-Dame de Grâce at Honfleur, to see through what terrible plights people really *have* come ; I recommend especially (do not presume to smile at it) " Allant à la Guadeloupe " on the right, at the entry. This will put heart into the weakest.

QUAI STE.-CATHERINE, HONFLEUR

CHAPTER II

HISTORY OF NORMANDY AND OF THE NORMAN DUKES

WHILE the traditional view is for the most part followed in this general account of early Norman history, the cold hand of historical criticism has rather robbed this view of some of its more picturesque elements. This is hardly the place to go deeply into the matter; but as a result of a good deal of study in some of the more learned French authorities, certain qualifications of the usual view may here be given.

Perhaps the first misunderstanding to be cleared away is a double one—and, in fact, a contradictory one. We regard the Northmen as too little cultured, at the time of their arrival in Normandy, and too much cultured at the later stages.

The problem remains, and is one of the most interesting of history, how, from the winter of these ravagers, raiders, destroyers, do we get this glorious spring of building, sculpture, literature? How does meat come out of the eater?

In the first place, the Northmen, in their early raids, were rough and, indeed, rampaging, but not rude and uncultured. No seafaring nation can long remain uncultured; the sea is your great civilizer.

European civilization was not a stranger to these northern peoples. They had something of feudal organization (as we know from our own island's history) which had filtered through to them, as to other peoples, on the break-up of Charlemagne's empire. If their buildings had been chiefly of wood, they had yet learned to build stoutly and not inartistically.

So when we come to the question: Did the Northmen inspire the rude French, or the rude French the ruder Northmen, to the glorious creations that we call Norman? the answer is, no doubt, that while the Northmen were full of vigour, and the French among whom they came weak and divided, the guidance, especially in architecture, was Roman-French.[1] The Northmen, not unused to building and ornamentation, found a style and a material ready (there is no stone like that of Caen), and builders, no doubt, for the asking. When Northman and Frenchman settled together in peace, a building era naturally arose. Each race contributed its quota; and each race had learned something in contact with other races, so that, as it were, Tarshish and the isles brought presents and Arabia and Saba gifts. In sculpture, perhaps, the Northmen, expert in wooden carvings, brought more than in other arts. As for feudalism, it was here, there, and everywhere; when system and order was

[1] As in England we get missionaries from Rome like Benedict Biscop heading a great building revival in Northumbria, importing much, but using native craftsmen, and possibly native architects.

needed, it was the natural type for the one party to impose and the other to accept, or, indeed, merely to continue.

The miracle, then, of Rollo the raider turned organizer, and of destroyers turned builders (under inspiration of Christian art) is no great miracle ; and the credit for the best in things " Norman " belongs, no doubt, to the French dwellers in Normandy.

The really curious point about these Northmen was (wherever they went) their capacity for ready absorption. That they were a conquering and dominant race we know well. But their great effort made, they sink into the background and almost seem to melt away like a dissolving view.

When we come to particular points of the accepted history, we shall find that the traditional view, based on Dudon, will not always stand investigation.

We are still in the dark as to the evangelization of the Province of Rouen. Professor Prentout regards this as having travelled up northwards, perhaps under the guidance of St Martin himself. At any rate, Normandy was linked with the Province of Lyons for administration. Then there are the Saxon invasions, and after these the Frankish conquest, of which we have curiously little information. Such as we have must be found in place-names or dug out of ancient cemeteries. Of the monastic foundations of the seventh century, and of some of the founders, we have, indeed, surer knowledge. The Normans begin to come in the early ninth century, first as mere raiders, but under Rollo, per-

haps, as a conquering army. He first appears besieging Chartres in 911. The "treaty of St-Clair-sur-Epte" may have some foundation in fact, but Rollo cannot have married Gisela under this treaty, since she can only have been then a child of four. The mother of William Longsword may have been Poppa, carried off in an earlier raid; and if so, it may have been in right of his wife—daughter of a count, and perhaps widow of another—that Rollo set up a constitutional claim to the conquered territory. We are in the dark as to Rollo's conversion and baptism. One Witton (Guitton) was Bishop of Rouen at the time. It seems likely that defeat, at Chartres, was the deciding point in Rollo's religious development. The "Rules of Normandy" attributed to Rollo are much later, and have little northern element in them. The "duchy" founded by him was possibly not a "duchy" at all! It certainly became one later. Rollo was probably a "jarl", and in Normandy a "count". Origins are interesting enough. At least we must discount the over-glorification of his hero by the subservient Dudon. None the less, we can look on the statues and tomb of Rollo with reverence and respect as the founder, in some true sense, of the Duchy of Normandy, and as all the more interesting to us by reason of the mystery which surrounds him.

The line of the Dukes of Normandy begins with the adventurer, Rollo, whose "short name" was Rou. Rollo is almost a mythical personage, except for his raids, harryings and carryings, burnings and

destroyings. As to his origin, he is almost as mysterious as King Arthur himself, for we do not really know even his nationality. Some critics, both in France and England, seem determined, at least, to pay no attention to Dudon de St-Quentin, who wrote in the tenth century, and ought to have known.[1]

The name "Normanni", translation of Nordmänner, or North-men, might mean anything. The "frozen North" kept pouring forth horde after horde of poor but adventurous seamen, who naturally enough coasted usually southwards, not often crossing seas,[2] as our Angles, Saxons, and Jutes were bold to do. The monastic victims of the early raids were too much occupied in praying to be delivered from the "fury of the Northmen", and in endeavouring to escape the fury when it came swooping down, to be able to go into ethnology. All in all, Rollo was probably a Norwegian, leading mixed parties of Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes.

Specialist students must decide whether Rollo was indeed expelled from Denmark; whether he dwelt in an island district called Viken, and so won for himself and his men the name of Vikings; the certain fact is that he came, like Arthur, from "the great sea", but not, like Arthur, to bring peace and "corrupt the world" by good customs.

Dudon weaves pretty legends about Rollo, con-

[1] Sir Henry Howarth; Professor Prentout (*Origines du Duché de Normandie*).

[2] They got, it is true, to Iceland.

fusing him, perhaps, with Rolf the Ganger (or Walker) of Norwegian Saga—and here Dudon may possibly be right ; but with the Virgilian idea of bringing the founders of the Duchy from the East, he somehow turns Denmark into Dacia. Let old Dudon have his story ; in correct epic fashion Rollo wages war, opens sieges, and marries a daughter of the Count of Bayeux, of a name which (applied to the other sex) was later to be heard from end to end of France—" Poppa ".

In one way or another behold Rollo from the barren North (though he, or Rolf, seems to have kept an early herd of Frisians) finding an easy way up the pleasant estuary of the Seine, undeterred by bores, or Quillebeuf currents, or uncharted sandbanks. He is unexpected ; there is nothing to resist him. Moreover, there are undreamed riches to be had for the taking ; Eldorado almost at his doors. No pirate ever came off better. Nothing hinders his settling in the land he had harried ; and so he founds the Dukedom of Normandy, that was soon to take to itself a kingdom, and go near to possessing several more.

There was Rollo's strong point. Others had raided ; in our own country some sort of governments had been set up ; but for the most part it was mere loot and destruction, and by far the greater number of these old pirates left behind them no better memorial than blackened church and hall, bare fields, motherless children. But here was Rollo, won to better ways by the sweetness of the

country he had treated so cruelly, settling down, when well on in years, as if he had never hoisted a black flag, to organization and construction. There lies the true glory of Rollo's name ; and though the Normans everywhere disappear from history as mysteriously as they came, merged in the races they conquered, speaking even their tongues, yet they had a glorious history before them from the moment that Rollo tired of Viking ways and set his really great mind at better things.

The Christian religion adopted by Rollo and his successors sat lightly upon them. The marriage-tie did not bind them over fast. But they were enthusiasts enough to set to work themselves, and to press into the service those whom they had conquered, to build some of the most glorious buildings in all Christendom.

The work of Rollo and his immediate successors must have been rough. They had Romanesque before them as a glorious model. But how men who had known no buildings, probably, save of wood, ever learned the art of arts at all—not to say carried it to a supreme perfection—must remain something of a mystery, unless the view taken above be accepted.

Rollo's rule was hard but effective ; and he showed, as William of Normandy showed, that a strict rule is seldom an unjust rule. Of Rollo is told, as of other great rulers, the tale of the golden bracelets found hanging on a tree after three years had passed. The place where the tree was is called

Roumare, which is thought to mean Rollo's lake—though it is really a widening of the Seine—and the Forest of Roumare retains the name.

Rollo was succeeded—before his death—by William Longsword, son of Poppa. He it was who aided that strange blending process by which the Normans became Frenchmen, and better Frenchmen, just as later they became (still more strangely) Englishmen and better Englishmen. William, whose character has been treated by extremists as either saintly or quite disreputable, was certainly a remarkable diplomat. His mistress was the romantic and faithful Espriota, a Dane.

He did much rebuilding, and there was, indeed, much to do. Jumièges owes to him its restoration, and he actually desired to retire there, taking the vows in the usual manner. The Abbot, however, was not inclined to have such a Triton swimming among his minnows, and persuaded William to continue his authority for his son's sake. But below his armour William was a Benedictine, and he kept the frock and cowl which the Abbot gave him.

At Bayeux William exacted an oath from his nobles to support his son (and Espriota's), Richard; and not long afterwards he was murdered—apparently by assassins of Arnoul of Flanders, or possibly by some private avenger of a blood-feud—on an island in the Somme. William, like Rollo, sleeps, or slept, in the cathedral of Rouen.

If the French thought that they would now throw off their Norman masters, they were wrong. The

boy-king was as firmly set on his throne as if he had been one of twenty generations of sovereigns.

Richard the Fearless takes us from the Seine to Fécamp, where we will not follow him. He had filled a life of sixty years with every sort of consolidation of the Norman power in France and he left it strong enough to begin to think of new conquests. The Norman energy, while it lasted, seemed inexhaustible. The Prince of Salerno is said to have issued a rash invitation to any Normans who liked fighting to come and fight Saracens. Southern Italy and Sicily were "Normanized" rather as France had been, first by "single spies", then by battalions.

We must not follow their story in the South. Normandy itself became French by annexation of Philip Augustus during the absence of John Lackland, one of the few kings or dukes in the whole story who really deserved his nickname (even the "Conqueror" was anxious to appear *not* as a conqueror).

The story of the great Duke, known as either "The Magnificent" or as "The Devil"—titles not necessarily incompatible—takes us away from the Seine for the most part, though there is the castle called by his name (perhaps begun earlier) above Moulineau. As for Robert himself, as a legendary character, he is most picturesque, but, alas! most legendary. Richard II, the third duke, was, it is said, at Vernon when his nobles begged him to take a wife and assure the succession. He married,

therefore, the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. A rash word by the duchess was held to be the cause of certain very diabolical features in her baby. It (if we may speak so familiarly of so unearthly a child) was born in darkness and amid thunder and lightning—in fact, with all those melodramatic settings against which even the great Goethe was not proof when he brought on the Devil in his *Faust*. The child's teeth were " grown ", and he could (and did) bite shrewdly. He spoke (history does not say what words) when he was one, and in evil, at least, was a " past master " when other children are yet innocent and tender.

When he came to years generally called " of discretion ", his conduct became quite unprintable. One of his minor " indiscretions " was the prompt murder of his tutor. No one applied for the vacant post, and to what unknown depths of iniquity Robert might not have sunk (one is almost inclined to say, to what heights of iniquity he might not have soared) is quite impossible to say, since a sudden regret for his evil ways—some say after the murder of his brother—came upon him, and he went off post-haste to Rome and the Holy Land to make good, if he could. There he succeeded so well that the Soldan gave in, and married his dumb daughter (who miraculously received the gift of speech) to the (now) excellent Robert. The bride and bridegroom returned to Normandy and lived happily ever afterward.

Such the legend. History leaves us a certain

amount of Robert's wickednesses—at least of his violent ways—and enough repentance to take him to the Holy Land, on the return from which he died in 1035. Let us hope that we may still retain Robert's reply to some Norman noble who met him on the way to Jerusalem, borne in a palanquin by four stout Moors: "Tell them at home that you have met me being carried to Paradise by four black devils".

History certainly leaves to us Arlette of Falaise (though her name was apparently Herleva) and her son William.[1] She did not see a great deal of her boy, who was carried off to Le Vaudreuil, on the Eure, where was the castle of the wicked Frédegonde.

Not far from Rouen, but unfortunately off the Seine, is the remains of the abbey of Bec-Hellouin, where ruled Lanfranc, the great scholar of Pavia, to whom we may almost say that the conquest of England was due. At any rate, if greed and zeal for new possessions moved William, Lanfranc had rather nobler aims and purposes. Certain it is that the far-seeing scholar saw true, and that the nobler England of his vision did emerge from his pupil's conquest. Lanfranc certainly did not foresee how terrible would be the process, and how great a price, for the time being, England must pay for the culture, order, and inspirations of the Normans.

[1] The ninth centenary of his birth is to be celebrated in 1927.

CHAPTER III

THE SEINE AND ITS PORT (LE HAVRE)

THE struggles between Seine and Loire for supremacy were short-lived. The Loire, completely charming as it is, and deserving as it does the fine and almost untranslatable panegyric of Charles Péguy (" Yonder river, not kingly merely but very king ; majestic, but majestic with a reserve, with an ease, a condescension inimitable ; river of countless silken ripples, river of yellow sand-banks, of supple-outlined reaches, now impetuous and full-blooded as a savage, now counterfeiting indolence, and so completely tricking fools that heathen idiots have talked of lethargy—lethargy indeed, when he loiters but to gaze, to gaze upon the loveliest country-side in all the world ")—the Loire, I say, never had a chance. Its shingly bars were its undoing.

But for the Seine itself there have been great struggles—first of Rouen against Paris, then Rouen against Harfleur, and, later, Le Havre. It is all amicably settled now, though there are little adjustments still to make ; but in the old days it was all a burning question.

Poor Rouen came off rather badly. The kings

were always against her—no doubt they feared her growing strength. When Rouen was rich, they made her poor; when she was poor, and at times she was reduced to famine, they cossetted her and flattered her, till she became rich enough again to be worth plundering. Paris, of course, won and held the Seine, but Rouen's tenacity and enterprise have given her something very like supremacy of the Lower Seine; everyone, therefore, is (more or less) happy.

It is clear enough, after a few glimpses, perhaps from a railway-carriage window, that while the Seine does not lack beauty, its chief glory lies in its remarkable navigability. Had the Loire been anything like this, Paris would not be Paris. The Seine seems to be set on one thing only, and that is to be useful and serviceable to France. Excellent and patriotic ambition! So on goes the broad, patient river, bearing its loads cheerfully, and seldom showing any signs of discontent or anger. All that the Seine does amiss is to wind with the utmost sinuousness, writing its initial letter again and again over the map.

It is true that things were not always as they are now. The Seine has suffered the encroachments of civilization. Once there were plenty of wrecks at Quillebeuf; once the channels were narrow at certain places, so that up and down going vessels, each striving for deep water, must needs run into one another—as, not so very long ago, they used to do between Triel and Médan.

Then the excellent " bore ", which still provides copy for guide-books and certain thrills for tourists during the equinoctial tides, and which can still wreck, or deal awkwardly with, any small craft which does not meet head on or swing round to meet the swell, and especially any foolish craft which may have grounded (for it may be left almost dry by the last of the ebb, then may settle with a list, and be rolled over by the bore)—the " bore ", I say, has to be reckoned with and you must not pretend that it is not there. But all in all the Seine is navigability personified.

A word or two about the ocean-going ships ; and later on, something about small craft, which will be most in the mind of our readers. The ideal would certainly be that the same ship should deliver its goods at Paris, or even Méry, which loads them at the port of departure. This is already done by the London to Paris steamers—and, no doubt, by other Paris-going craft. For the rest, there is transshipment, steamer to barge, at Havre, Rouen, or in between. Though such reloading is no doubt good for the stevedores and lumpers at the transhipment ports, there is clearly a waste of time and labour ; and France, busy to the last man, has no need to create work.

Possibly the solution will come in a way which might apply to all estuaries and many rivers, by the creation of a type of self-propelling barge of variable draught—variable, no doubt, by some system of water-ballast. Thus it would run deep enough—

awash, at least—to keep upright in a sea-way,[1] and on reaching the estuary would lighten itself as required. The ocean-going steamers would continue their services as before to Rouen, but the ocean barges would carry everything going farther up-stream. From this amateur suggestion I pass to what counts perhaps for more—facts.

Rouen is a very great maritime port, a mixed port, for sea and river traffic, and with every advantage for both. It was, up to the war, the second maritime port in France, then became the first, and probably still remains so, though not the greatest all-in-and-out port, which is Paris. Hard work and great convenience for quay-building have achieved this result. The hard work has been both at Rouen and on the way. Embankments have been built along the sides of the river, the results of which were greater than had been expected. With each set of embankments, larger ships could come up-stream. As things now are, a ship may draw twenty-five feet or more, and may be 125 metres—even 150—long; soon a steamer of 200 metres should be able to ascend. At Rouen manœuvring and turning present no grave difficulties.

The only real difficulties, in fact, with the port of Rouen, lie on the way, and belong not to the navigators, but to the people on either bank who want

[1] Stability even of comparatively shallow draught vessels can be obtained in various ways; false keels, bilge keels, or the build of what are called "turret" steamers, all help.

to get across either in cars, carts, or railway trains. You can get goods from Le Havre to Pont Audemer by steamer down the Tancarville canal, and goods can, in fact, be transported anywhere along the river with ease. But it is awkward for travellers to be held up for the ferries, even if you do not have to pay when you use them, and it is also a great loss to traffic not to be able to cross the river, below Rouen, in a train. This perhaps may, in some way, be put right. A train-ferry is no great problem, though the building of any sort of bridge would possibly play havoc with the ocean steamers who make their journey on a single tide—which waits for no man. A tunnel under the Seine will probably come in time. The place of crossing should be at Vieux-port.

As for the channels, they—at least near the estuary—are rather a trouble, because the sand-banks are always shifting. The buoys and lights have therefore to be as fixed as circumstances permit, and constant soundings must be taken.

Ships are signalled on as they go, and berth at Rouen without delay, according to their cargo. No time is lost anywhere on the journey. There are also mooring berths for transhipment of cargo into lighters. For smaller boat or yacht cruising the Seine does not present much difficulty ; and one can radiate off at pleasure into the rivers and larger canals, reaching the Mediterranean, if desired, by a varied and pleasant route. It does not appertain to the present work to give details of the navigable

Seine from the yachtman's standpoint. A few things may, however, be noted.[1]

Inland yachting is cheap, certainly at present, and plenty of stores can be bought on the way. Lock charges are either none or very small. A yacht going on to the Rhône may have difficulties owing to variable depths. The Seine has no such troubles. From sea to Paris there are only nine locks. If one enters the French waterway system at Calais or Dunkerque, there are more locks, of course. Pilots are needed as far as Rouen, by the river route. Yachts proposing to go on, and return by the same way, must be powerful enough to make headway against the rapid stream of the Rhône. Heights of bridges are given in the official guide—owners of funnel yachts will need to look up these heights with much care. Smaller boats can, of course, be shipped across to Le Havre. There are awkward little races and " rips " in the estuary and round and about some of the islands ; and between Quillebeuf and La Mailleraye there is the occasional " bore " to meet ; but the local anchorages are well known. The lesser canals, though often picturesque

[1] There is a good account of a yacht's voyage to Paris, by Sir Edward Thorpe, *The Seine from Havre to Paris*, 1913. The *Yachting World* has two useful articles : one of December 12, 1925, " To the Mediterranean via the French Inland Waterways " ; another, " Inland Cruising in France ", of March 20, 1926. From these articles, by permission, I give some of the necessary details. The official guide (in French) is needed, but this and much information can be had at the French Tourist Office, 56 Haymarket, S.W. 1, while the Yacht Clubs will give the results of practical experience. The official guide has a good map.

and leading to picturesque places, may have low bridges and there may be weeds. But the terrors of cruising on the Seine are few, and the joys should be many.

Perhaps the first thought which occurs on landing at Le Havre is the reflexion how very painful a thing it would have been if we had retained our French possessions! Consider: to brave the eternal sea, to battle with a hectic Channel, and then to find podgy bread, dull mutton-chops—Hobson's choice—thrown to us by termagant and belligerent seaside landladies! Whereas now . . . Then there is the thought (akin to this), how these French people want to keep you alive! How they feed you up! Shrimps and radishes and sausages, an omelet lest you faint, then the "resistance dish", and a few following oddments for the crevices! How they pour down your throat "mossy" ciders and amber wines! And yet, how they long for you to die! For then your relations, if they are any good at all, will buy the most expensive flowers in the gay market, to say nothing of wreaths of "immortelles" (come all the way from Ollioules—the name has a graveyard sound)—and will celebrate your obsequies with most elaborate funereal pomps, like the pious, vainglorious Englishmen they are!

Restaurants and "Pompes Funèbres"! These in their abundance leap always first to the eye, showing, as Homer said long ago, that the "paths of day and night lie near to one another". But

there are other things to claim your attention at Le Havre.

Le Havre can be dated to a nicety ; at any rate, Le Havre as a serious proposition. It was one of the " brain-waves " of François I, and better than many other of the monarch's inspirations or caprices. In 1516 he said " Let it be built ", and it was built.

The site did not look promising at first, though there were convenient natural canals and a lagoon, and the protection of Cap la Hève was as welcome then as now. On the slopes of Cap la Hève was built the second town of St-Denis (the first being in the sea), which has now become St-Adresse. On the slopes north of the lagoons was Ingouville. Inland from the dunes was a wood, with rising ground round it. East lay Harfleur, on solid ground, but Seine mud had begun to block its entrances and to push away the estuary. Between the old site of Le Havre and Harfleur were the castle and abbey of Graville. South-west are the ruins of Les Neiges.

Altogether, the new seaport seemed to have little definite advantages save proximity to the sea and estuary, which might either silt it up or wash it away.

Yet François, or his advisers, were wiser perhaps than they knew. That soil, the covering of mere dunes, might not be over-solid for foundations, but it was easy to dig out for harbours and docks, and to-day the greatest liners move up in secure stateli-

ness into the city. Moreover, they knew that at Le Havre, owing to certain inter-relations of sea and river, there is slack water for two hours each tide, and that means very much.[1] A considerable number of ships can enter or leave at their convenience.

In its early days Le Havre (its full title was at first Françoise de Grâce, but as there was already a small harbour, the old name Le Havre de Grâce ousted the royal title) had its two towers as you entered it, not as fine as those of La Rochelle, but dignified and with an appearance of strength. The "Tower of Francis" lasted till 1860, and would have lasted longer, but that the entrance had to be widened. In 1833 was destroyed a quaint old house which belonged to the old hamlet. It was an inn, with a ferry crossing over a canal or stream, and had a carving showing a man on horseback, to mark the inn, and a boat, to mark the ferry. The old house was a beautiful timbered building with round-arched "Norman" doorways. On the site of Notre-Dame was an old chapel (La Chapelle de Grâce, whence the old name Le Havre de Grâce).

François had good reasons for his new foundation. The Seine had been shown to be very vulnerable, easily entered, since the days of the Northmen; the king wanted, therefore, a fortress. The commerce of

[1] The reason probably is that a flood tide makes a kind of water dam of the river-water, and so keeps steady; then, when the ebb begins, the held-up volumes of river and sea-water fill up the deficiency of the ebbing sea, at least for a time.

of the world was looking westward ;[1] he must have a convenient seaport on his western coast.

Other sites were looked at, Etretat and Deauville. A story runs that an unusually high tide, ebbing violently, left a channel in the direction in which digging would have been necessary, so that Neptune himself settled the question and began the work. At St-Denis (Chef de Caux) there had been a light since 1364 ; and at Les Neiges had been a fortress and small harbour dependent on Harfleur.

Le Havre was hardly completed when (in 1525) the angry deep, repenting of its former kindness, tried to sweep it away, drowning many citizens and carrying their boats well inland.

The church of Notre-Dame was begun with the city ; its tower was used as a gun-platform by the English in 1562 against the French at Ingouville, and was "punished" by being shortened and disfigured.

No mention of Le Havre in early days would be complete without some reference to François' big ship, *La Grande Françoise*, which was to have "singed the Turk's beard". But, alas ! the great ship was like the Great Family Portrait in the *Vicar of Wakefield* : the great portrait could not get in, the great ship could not get out. In November 1533 a storm threw it over on its side, and not all the king's ships nor men could bring it upright

[1] M. de Coninck, whose book *Le Havre* (1869) I use for the earlier history, says that Dieppe sailors were in Brazil before the days of Columbus.

again. The " white elephant " was broken up, and its shivered timbers were used to build houses ; guide-books still identify—though probably wrongly —some of these. Ships' timbers were commonly so used, in our country as elsewhere, and the curious can find sometimes shells or bits of rock embedded in the oak of Tudor cottages.

François was not lucky in his big ships, or was it that the wily builders were in league with the crews ? A fleet was gathered in 1545 to attack the English fleet in the Solent ; the flagship of one hundred guns was burned, the cooks having, it is said, lighted unusually large fires when the king came to dinner. Oared galleys towed the ship up the Leate channel so that she might burn in peace.

Le Havre went through the troubles of the Reformation as did other cities. Coligny was " Governor of Normandy " and hence " Governor of Le Havre ". The English were swift to take advantage of the religious quarrel, and occupied Le Havre in 1562.

In 1599 occurred the sad tragedy of the brothers Raoulin, murdered by the Duke de Villars apparently because one of them was thought to have visited the duchess. If the usual story is true, the real facts never came to light, since the bereaved father, having demanded an inquiry, went mad with grief before he could open his case.[1]

Richelieu, one need not say, enters into the

[1] Their scarcely legible monument is in Notre-Dame, in one of the north chapels.

history of Le Havre. He caused the fortress (supposed impregnable) to be built on the east side of the entrance. That is almost the last fortification of Le Havre. The sea-fort was becoming a great port of commerce. Vauban linked it with Harfleur by a canal, and Colbert travelled from Harfleur to Le Havre, in great state, in 1665.

Vauban did much also to bring the fortifications into line with modern ideas, and in 1694 an English fleet, though attacking from the least defended side, was able to do but little damage.

In 1716 there was an unusually high tide, and no apparent ebb during twenty-four hours !

There was a visit of Louis XV in 1749, either on business or pleasure ; historians have not yet decided. Madame de Pompadour was in the party. The town, it need not be said, had to pay heavily for this double honour.

With the growth of commerce across the Atlantic, which François I had foreseen, Le Havre's commerce expanded daily. A regular service of specially built ships ran not only to the other parts of France, and even as far as Holland, but also to Rouen. There was a further English bombardment in July 1759, without much harm being done. But a later attempt, under Sir Sidney Smith, did not succeed, owing to the currents and swirls of the estuary, and the admiral (then commodore) was captured and kept prisoner in Paris. He escaped, and, as the world knows, had his revenge in full measure at Acre. Buonaparte was not blind to the

importance of Le Havre, the " Port of Paris ", as he called it. His quick mind saw all sorts of possible developments, but of these most had to wait for completion till after Waterloo.

In 1805 Le Havre was busy building barges for the great invasion of England. Had they been given steam-power the scheme might well have succeeded.

But Le Havre was to see steam soon enough. In 1823 a regular service of sailing-ships to New York was inaugurated, leaving on the first of each month, and a still finer line in 1831. In 1840 the Havre steamer, *La Normandie*, which usually made the voyage to Rouen and back, went off to Cherbourg to bring the ashes of Napoleon from the frigate *Belle-Poule*. The *Normandie* transferred the remains at Val-de-la-Haye to a smaller vessel, the *Dorade*. So for the third time Napoleon came to Le Havre. From *La Normandie* to the *Normannia* of to-day there is a gulf great enough, but *La Normandie's* successors are greater still, and François I's vision is more than justified when one sees the *France* or the *Paris* move majestically down the harbour to cross the ocean once traversed by Le Havre's " paquebots voilés ".

Le Havre had to pay dearly to be allowed to raze her fortifications. Now that they are gone, Le Havre looks almost a modern town, save in the low and picturesque streets by the quays, where houses yet stand that *may* be built of timbers of the *Grande Françoise*.

CHAPTER IV

LE HAVRE TO CAUDEBEC

I ADVISE everyone to do the journey from Havre to Rouen (and up-stream is best) if only to see the changing views of the towers of Jumièges. But there is much else of interest, however well one may know the river otherwise. A good way to begin is to cross to Honfleur, sleep there, and next morning, according to tides, drive across the Marais Vernier to Quillebeuf, where you will see a fine church and some good old houses as well as the remains of castle ramparts. But you will have the additional excitement of being taken out in a boat to mid-Seine and laid right athwart the bows of the approaching steamer. Just as you turn to the boatman in order to curse them with your drowning breath, somebody does something and you find yourself alongside and being assisted a trifle violently on board, your luggage usually following ; then off you go, and round bend after bend you steam up-stream, with a certain amount, perhaps, of sameness in the vistas, till you get to the cliffs by Villequier and Caudebec. The Jumièges bend is delightful.

I remember taking a steamer on Ulleswater long

ago, and finding it filled with excursionists, lured by placards I had seen in railway stations to see "the beauties of Ulleswater". When I began to enjoy these beauties, I looked about on the excursionists. They were all asleep.

Even so, when rounding the Jumièges bend, all the passengers who were not eating in the saloon had their backs to the view. They were talking Test Matches or hats.

The approach to Rouen is worth careful study (you can do it again on the local La Bouille steamer), and the river-port is seen in all its excellent organization and planning.

By steamer, road, or rail, on leaving Le Havre we first pass Harfleur, whose fine spire is attributed to English builders. This is more kind than accurate of our French neighbours. Henry V, as Shakespeare tells us, captured (or recaptured) Harfleur, and a monument celebrates the bravery of the 104 peasants who, under de Grouchy, drove the English out in 1435. The sea began to leave Harfleur high and dry in the early sixteenth century. The famous Harfleur view is from the small bridge on the Lézarde: the spire and old houses, with their reflexion thrown in the water. There are other viewpoints of the same setting.

The Church of Sainte-Honorine at Gravilly is ancient and beautiful; the tower is partly ruined. It is part of the old abbey.

Quillebeuf lies between river and the marsh or fen called the Marais Vernier. It is a pilotage and

fishing centre. In the old days the passage of Quillebeuf was reckoned very dangerous, and there were many shipwrecks. Its importance used to lie in its position as the "Key of the Seine". It almost came into the hands of Cromwell, and later of the Dutch. The Seine has filled up much of what was once estuary. The Fen was once the Gulf. In the lowest part is still a lake, the Grand' Mar. It is cut by canals, in Dutch fashion, and Dutch companies actually helped to dyke it in. Round the lake are beds of osiers for thatching; then begin splendid pasturages, and market-gardens which send us much of our early vegetables. Wayfarers on the Marais must beware of crevasses and patches of floating bog. In autumn the Fen gets a reddish hue, and its sunsets are famous, like those of our own eastern fens. The church of Quillebeuf is partly Romanesque, and at the village Marais Vernier is a church of the twelfth century.

Yvetot is not on the Seine; but if you go by train to Rouen from Le Havre you must go through it, whether you continue by train or take the diligence thence to Caudebec. For myself, finding I had somehow booked a ticket to Caudebec, I held on, and had the advantage of lunching comfortably at Barentin and also of making acquaintance with the freakish train which runs between Barentin and Caudebec.

Of Yvetot, then, I have nothing to say; I shall not quote Béranger, nor give the history of the title of "king" which is said to be still "on the

statutes". There is nothing remarkable in the title; we have it, or had it, retained recently as the normal title of the proprietor of some of the small islands of the thousand or so which form the British Isles. We have read Black's *Princess of Thule*; we have heard jokes about Lundy Island and the "Kingdom of Heaven", and there was once a King of Brentford. I merely note here, to clear the way, that if and when there is a revolution in Yvetot I am not a candidate for the vacant throne. Yet stop a moment. . . . I forget. . . . I did not sample their brand of "mossy" cider; one might relent.

Soon after leaving Yvetot we were well in the land of Caux, and how pleasant a land is this land of Caux, how green and pleasant! The farms are all surrounded with hedges, and, on the windy side, with fine trees. Everything, therefore, is well sheltered that needs shelter, and there, no doubt, the cows yield more milk, the hens lay more eggs, the snug pigs need less food. These hedged farms are interesting in other ways; our word "town" originally meant a hedge. We can seldom trace the line of the enclosing hedges in our present villages, but round those odd little ends, greens, bottoms, or even hamlets, which lie outside our villages we can often find parts of old hedgerows, now perhaps serving as garden fences, which were probably the original zariba or enclosure.

How neat are those Caux farms! The barns, yards, and buildings form the little "town"; the

fields are all open, so that there is no opening of gates, no upkeep of fences. Then there are the tethered kine. I do not know whether cattle like being tethered; the ordinary cow wears so singularly asinine an expression that one really cannot tell what it feels about it. But the proof of the tethering is in the milking.

I dwell in a great farming county, and whene'er I take my walks (or drives) abroad, how many farms I see! Though not so many as in years gone by. Yet in those farms how often do I see trees that look as if they had been planted for any purpose? Hedges, of course, in abundance, portioning off field from field; but how many times will one find a planted hedge (L-shaped is best) set there to protect pigs or fowls from our desolating winds? Once only hereabout have I found the last winter's faggots arranged carefully along a rough fence, to keep the creatures reasonably warm; and yet this would seem an obvious and simple use of faggots. But no; our faggots are all stacked together in neat pyramids near the farmhouse, and do no good to anyone till they come to the fire.

And our pastures? I tramp them constantly—by legal paths, be it noted—and year in, year out, I see the same bits grazed down and the same great stretches untouched. Yet I am told that if these untouched stretches could once be browsed off, a new and succulent grass would arise even where tussocks and coarseness now prevail. In

all this I may be wrong, but I am quite certain, in any case, that we are a wasteful people, and that our pastures could support a much larger population of stock. Our sheep we do, of course, herd and hurdle, dainty feeders that they are; they make a virtue of necessity and a clean sweep of the tops or the lucerne.

I feel sure that I saw every now and then cattle tethered in the young lush corn. When I asked, people said it was grass; but it was no grass that I know. In Wales, and perhaps elsewhere, sheep are turned in to nibble the young corn, to keep it back and to make the straw stronger—a very important matter when we remember that fallen corn is seldom due to mere weight of rain, but rather has fallen because the stalks cannot stand up against both the extra weight of moisture and (much more) the gyratory movement of the wind. I stick, therefore, to my observation, which was that here and there the cattle were tethered in young corn; and therein they made beautiful neat half-circles, like the swath of a scythe.

Farming digressions are a proper part of literary travel notes, since the days of Arthur Young. While, therefore, it may be that I am very foolish, and that our more-than-conservative farmers are both right and never, at any rate hardly ever, wasteful, my kind critics must indulge me.

But let us get back to Caux, neat, tidy, almost Dutch, but more so—save for the canals. It is a pretty country; and the tethered kine, at their

regular intervals, if even agriculturally not all they might be or all I have fancied them, are very picturesque. They give a sense of rhythm, as it were. The milk you get with your morning coffee is admirable. French coffee, when drunk neat, is not yet good again, but with such milk you really do not notice it. Then the eggs of Caux hens make good omelets, and the butter is delicious to eat or for cooking. Thus much for Caux.

Barentin is a dullish junction, but, coming from Le Havre, you can just lunch there comfortably. Of course, they tell you you have " plenty of time ", and for the first occasion you will believe them. My kind friends tell me I always lose trains ; I retort that while, very rarely, they lose me, I nearly always catch them, though only just ; and Barentin proved me right. All the station officials were in the attitude to which I am now so well accustomed abroad, both arms raised to heaven, as in the pictures of Lear's *Nonsense Books*. This attitude, suggesting astonishment, comes to suggest imprecation when, to show my British phlegm, I always, on these hectic occasions, stop and light my pipe before condescending to mount the step.

The train, once permitted to depart, performs odd antics, and goes to certain unnecessary places which have the same name as certain quite different places at which you called in your previous train. Do not be disturbed ; stay where you are ; this

is done merely to confuse you. The train also reverses itself—" tête-à-queue ", the guide-books call it—and its tail-end rushes violently down a steep place so as to clear the great viaduct of which Barentin is unjustly proud.

It is advisable, in view of these eventualities, to be very careful, at Barentin and elsewhere, of the French " ordinaires ". The wines, whatever the coffee may be, are certainly again at pre-war standard, and though you expect your " ordinaire " to be a " small " and weak wine, it is often nothing of the sort. I found delicious Bordeaux wines at 1f. 50 the small carafe, and a trifle heady, to boot. The inexperienced wayfarer should always water his wine well for the first glass ; then he will get an idea of its tone, and, if necessary, he can continue to water it to the end.

You pass, on the way to Caudebec, through Duclair (where the ducks come from), a pretty little river town.

Then you run alongside the river, past stations which you may want again later (Jumièges or St-Wandrille), to Caudebec itself.

The best view of the church of Caudebec is from the Place du Marché. Here the market used to be held. Sunday was the market-day ; now it is Saturday, and the market has spread about the town.

The tower is in three sections ; the second, which is octagonal, supports the crown. The lowest

section is called " Viri Galilæi " (" Men of Galilee "), since on Ascension Day two cantors chant thence the antiphon of " Ye Men of Galilee ", the clergy being below in the market-place. The square base is beautifully linked to the octagonal section by buttresses and flying buttresses. The crown is of especial beauty. It has sixteen ribs linked by delicately carved cross-pieces, with three crowns, in fashion of the Papal tiara, covered with fleur-de-lys. On the summit is a cross of about six feet in height. On the lower part of the tower is the clock-face. The clock, which tells us the phases of the moon, is of the fourteenth century. One special feature of the church is its triple gallery. The uppermost is lettered ; the legend, which begins on the left of the tower, is composed of passages in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The curious may spell it out. Over the parvis stand out quite clearly : " Pulcra es et decora " (" Thou art fair and comely ").

The greatest glory of the church, after the tower, is the wonderful variety of both upper and lower windows. But the doors are in keeping with the rest of the building, especially the great west door. In the third row of its niches is the familiar representation of angels playing various instruments. On entering, one is struck at once with the beautiful simplicity of the design. There are three aisles—if one may so put it, since " aisle " may properly be used only of the lesser " side aisles ". French terminology is equally at fault in calling all three

" naves ", for this should only be used of the central " nave ".

The glass is admirable. One may note especially the Tree of Jesse in the Chapel of St-Gilles (the Virgin is in modern glass), and in the Lady Chapel the " Creed " picture—the twelve Apostles, each with the portion of the Creed attributed to him. There are almost innumerable windows and statues of the Saints, each with their special symbol (St Geneviève has her lamb, St Hubert his stag, St Crispin and St Crispinian their lasts, St Denys holds his head in his hands), so that the church makes a veritable dictionary of the Saints. There is some rather bad woodwork and some very good ; at the entrance to the Sacristy is some eighteenth-century carving from St Wandrille.

Besides these, the traveller should not forget to note the many inscriptions which make a kind of history of church and town. Some of these are most quaint. In the window of St-Crispin's Chapel is a note : " Ceste vairie (verrière) fut faicte l'an mcccclxi des deniers de la frairie et charite de Monsieur Sait Mahieu Messieurs Sait Craipin Sait Craipinien. . . ." " Monsieur St Matthieu " is very good and reminds us of the famous French rendering of " Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ! " (" Monsieur Macbeth ! Monsieur Macbeth ! prenez garde à Monsieur Macduff ! ")

Then in the Chapel of St-Jean Baptist are some very quaint rhyming legends on the windows. The author has been rather hard put to it for his rhymes,

but he has managed to bring them off, though many are what we should call of the Cockney variety. Here is one couplet :—

Herode adont adultere et infame
Lemprisonna au vouloie dune femme.

Here is another, much worse :—

En ses sermons eloquens et disers
Plusieurs il a baptisez au desers.

In many are missing letters or words, which can, however, usually be easily fitted in ; for instance,

En chantz cantiques et (accords)
emporterent son corps.

One gets, in such a church as Caudebec's, astonishingly intimate with the thoughts and even the personages of what we superior people call the " Dark Ages ". Those who cannot go and stay at Chartres should try to stay at Caudebec and make a complete study of this most wonderful monument. Do not forget the tomb (in the sanctuary) of Guillaume Le Tellier, " maitre maçon de cette eglisse ".

It is most interesting to remember that, while we can stay in England to see good " Norman " architecture (not that there are not magnificent Norman churches in Normandy—Ouistreham, Caen, Lessay, to begin with !), if we want to see what Flamboyant can really flame into we must go to

Normandy—Caudebec, Rouen, Louviers, what a trio! And for those who want to make a good beginning with Flamboyant, I can recommend nothing better than to walk round and round Caudebec's glorious church and study it window by window. You will see, in a short space, an amazing variety. It is really almost as if the flames were actually curling and twisting before you —and never repeating their patterns.

Having entered thus briefly on the general subject of architecture, I may as well say something of glass. Thirteenth-century glass takes some acquaintance to appreciate it. It is not exactly an acquired taste; but do not expect to grasp it straight away. Begin if possible on Blanche of Castille's splendid window at Moulineaux (how many people must pass by it unknowingly). The modern windows which surround it are worth study, too, as they will help you to understand the style. It is on a blue ground.

When you get to fourteenth-century glass you will be more at home. There was a big development between the two epochs. The single figure begins to stand out; the size of the figures increases vastly. Fifteenth will not trouble you—it is a simple but glorious development of fourteenth. In the Chartres school you will still find the blue backgrounds; in other schools variety and boldness begin to appear. But when the Renaissance gets to work, then be prepared for anything, from bad or frigid classical work to the most glorious inspired

CAUDEBEC

designs and colours, with real men and women for your saints and heroes.

I shall speak of certain churches and their windows as we come to them, but it is easy to make a pilgrimage so as to take your stained glass in some sort of chronological order.

Do not despise modern glass because it is modern. French modern glass is often to be found side by side with ancient, and often also (being inspired by supreme examples) it need not fear comparison.

For colours observe especially browns, yellows, pinks — especially the strange and beautiful "muddy" pink, which is a sign of the best fourteenth- and fifteenth-century work.

At Caudebec I gave hostages to fortune in shape of a watch to clean and boots to repair. Anchored thus, willy-nilly, I stayed there and loved it. When you have seen all the delightful old houses and made a thorough study of the jewel of a church, there is nothing to do except to study the above again, and rather more so, and watch the outgoings and the incomings of the ferry.

Caudebec should somehow contrive to have a daily bore; at present it only has a monthly one, and, save in October and March, even the monthly one is hardly much more than a good-sized steamer's wash. In the months of the greatest tides it is more magnificent. Forming at Quillebeuf (though you can see something of a "mascaret" forming daily just above Le Havre), it gathers height and strength as (duly advertised and timed) it

moves along a majestic, foaming tide-wave. It does not seem to do much harm to anybody, or indeed anything, provided the boats are hauled out of danger or anchored well in the stream. I am not sure how the Duclair ducks get on. The young sparks of Caudebec make sport with the great wave, and venture on the quays in search of a wetting; and the spray is, indeed, dashed to great heights along walls and banks. The exciting moment, naturally, is when the "bore" appears racing round the corner from Villequier—amid the cries of "It's coming!" and the anxiety of the owners of boats and of those responsible for the ferries. When it has passed, all is not over; it has its own wash, which comes along more parallel to the banks in two or three breakers.

I could not ascertain the height of a good October bore. Extravagant figures were given me, but they referred, no doubt, to the columns of spray, of which one can obtain vivid photographs. Nor did I ascertain how far up the force of the main wave is felt. It probably expends itself on the sharp corner at St-Wandrille and Mailleraye. The inhabitants generally—who ought to make the most of it—agreed that, save in March and October, it is usually "peu de chose".

Apart from the "mascaret," a great Seine flood is worth seeing. The level-marks of the 1910 flood will be found about on the bridges, on houses, and elsewhere all along the banks. That was a really bad flood. One at least of the later great floods

I have seen, though not actually at Caudebec. The flood of December 1925 was a bad one also, and as we shall see later, when discussing the Seine as the river of the Port of Paris, these floods do really constitute a great inconvenience, if not actual danger, to winter navigation. There is reason to think that the 1910 level is not likely to be reached again.

One of the joys of Caudebec, and elsewhere on the Seine below Rouen, is that you can lie in bed o' mornings and see through the trees ocean-going craft passing up and down. They are able to do the journey on a single tide.

Caudebec, besides being charming in itself, makes an excellent centre, especially in summer (when you must book your rooms well ahead). To begin with—and close at hand—is St-Wandrille, an easy, lunch-appetizing walk. I advise visitors to believe a lying " poteau " which directs, or seems to direct you, to St-Wandrille along the next road running left after the road to Yvetot. This takes you up a pleasant valley till you reach the mill, when you turn to the right, and, crossing the stream, find your way pleasantly, up and down a slight hill, to the abbey. By this route you pass the Chapel of St-Saturnin, which you can see but not as a rule enter. It is, however, open every Friday in May, for on those days there are general pilgrimages to St-Wandrille and all the neighbouring saints. The Abbey, formerly to be visited only on Thursdays can now be seen any day.

The Abbey of St-Wandrille is not as great as the Abbey of Jumièges, but it is at least a worthy rival. The saint was a disciple of St Columban, and founded the Abbey in or about 650.

The Parish Church is well worth seeing. The quaint statues are wound about with little strips of handkerchiefs, bandages, etc.—an odd Eastern custom—which continues also with the modern statues at St-Ouen at Rouen.

The Abbey is, as a ruin, comparatively modern, and one rather wonders how it has become the charming picture it is in so short a space of time. It was in the hands of the Benedictines in the latter part of the nineteenth century, having been at one time a fabric factory. What appears to me a very unusual feature is the enclosure of one side of the cloister beneath the flying buttresses. Chapels and "side-aisles" are often, we know, so enclosed; I do not remember cloisters exactly on this plan.

Going up the Seine, you may reach, on the left bank, Mailleraye, with a chapel of the sixteenth century, belonging to the old castle; or you may go on to Bliquetuit, where you will find a church begun in the eleventh century, with Romanesque fonts.

Other pleasing excursions are in the forests, which abound in the "buckles" of the river, and in which you will find immemorial trees.

Or, going down the Seine, you will soon reach—passing the little Chapel of Barival, founded in the thirteenth century—Villequier.

It would be impossible to leave Villequier without mentioning and quoting the noble poem of the heart-stricken father, Victor Hugo. He does not brazen it out; his heart is broken, his head is "bloody but not unbowed", and just because it is bowed he is the greater and the nobler for his sorrow.

Visit then, first, the tomb, which, "pâle et vainqueur", he can just manage to look upon once more, and then hear the pulsing beats of his solemn monody:—

À VILLEQUIER

Maintenant que Paris, ses pavés et ses marbres,
Et sa brume et ses toits sont bien loin de mes yeux;
Maintenant que je suis sous les branches des arbres,
Et que je puis songer à la beauté des cieux;

Maintenant que du deuil qui m'a fait l'âme obscure
Je sors, pâle et vainqueur,
Et que je sens la paix de la grande nature
Qui m'entre dans le cœur;

Maintenant que je puis, assis au bord des ondes,
Ému par ce superbe et tranquille horizon,
Examiner en moi les vérités profondes
Et regarder les fleurs qui sont dans le gazon;

Maintenant, ô mon Dieu! que j'ai ce calme sombre
De pouvoir désormais
Voir de mes yeux la pierre où je sais que dans l'ombre
Elle dort pour jamais;

Maintenant qu'attendri par ces divins spectacles,
Plaines, forêts, rochers, vallons, fleuve argenté,
Voyant ma petitesse et voyant vos miracles,
Je reprends ma raison devant l'immensité

Je viens à vous, Seigneur, père auquel il faut croire ;
Je vous porte, apaisé,
Les morceaux de ce cœur tout plein de votre gloire
Que vous avez brisé ;

Je viens à vous, Seigneur ! confessant que vous êtes
Bon, clément, indulgent et doux, ô Dieu vivant !
Je conviens que vous seul savez ce que vous faites,
Et que l'homme n'est rien qu'un jonc qui tremble au vent ;

Je dis que le tombeau qui sur les morts se ferme
Ouvre le firmament ;
Et que ce qu'ici-bas nous prenons pour le terme
Est le commencement ;

Je conviens à genoux que vous seul, Père auguste,
Possédez l'infini, le réel, l'absolu ;
Je conviens qu'il est bon, je conviens qu'il est juste
Que mon cœur ait saigné, puisque Dieu l'a voulu !

Je ne résiste plus à tout ce qui m'arrive
Par votre volonté,
L'âme de deuils en deuils, l'homme de rive en rive,
Roule à l'éternité.

It is perhaps of pathetic interest to note that Charles Vacquerie was an excellent swimmer. Perhaps his over-confidence in his powers led him to undertake the rather foolhardy sailing expedition (so most narratives describe it) at Villequier with his wife and a schoolboy.

I was careful to note the tombs in the churchyard, and here are the sad inscriptions :—

Adèle, femme de Victor Hugo

is one ; and then there is the tomb of the tragedy itself :—

Charles Vacquerie, âgé de 26 ans.
Léopoldine Vacquerie, née Hugo, âgée de 19 ans.
Mariés le 15 Février et morts le 4 Septembre 1843.
De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine.

Or you may make the favourite excursion to Ste-Gertrude, in the valley with its twin streams; or across by the ferry to St-Nicolas-de-Bliquetuit, quite near, and thence to L'Angle with its oak-chapel and ancient pillars of some temple in the church, to say nothing of the keep and the manor-houses.

If you have not already visited it from Le Havre, there is Tancarville.

Tancarville Castle stands excellently; hardly the Rhine can offer so good a site. One rather wonders how the road gets along the bit of cliff. The Tour de l'Aigle is at the corner; one passes by it to go to the castle entrance. Other towers still stand, and there are ruined parts of the old manor-house. In the Square Tower are remains of early paintings. The name is from a certain Tancred, the actual first builder at "Tancredivilla" in the tenth century. Henry I of England built the castle. The family of Tancred or Tancarville was famous. Raoul was tutor to William the Conqueror and founded the Abbey of St-Georges-de-Boscherville. From Tancarville to Le Havre runs a dull, straight canal.

We have a link with Tancarville Castle in that it was purchased (I do not know if it was dwelt in) by the Scotsman, Law, who "fooled all the people"

of France for a considerable time. Perhaps he wanted somewhere handy for the sea, in order to escape by some backway to Scotland again. He also had a castle at Yville, not far from Jumièges. His methods were somewhat similar to those of Mr. Timothy Touchandgo (in Peacock's *Crochet Castle*), who had to flee for his life overseas to Dotandcarryone town, where he continued his successful operations with the aid of a cheap printing-press.

Nearer, and of fascinating interest, is Juliabona, Lillebonne. Should you ask how you get Lillebonne from Juliabona, you need only pronounce the Latin name with an accented i (pronounced ee) and you will find that Lillebonne is merely a modern phonetic spelling, the first syllable of the ancient name being clipped or merged.

Lillebonne is a Gallic city, evidently of importance in Gallo-Roman days, and honoured by being named after someone of the Julian "gens"; some authorities think after Julius Caesar himself. It was in those days a river-port of considerable strategic value, being an inner station of the fleet which guarded the estuary. The theatre, of which much is still to be disinterred, is perhaps the most important Roman remain in Normandy. It is not a large theatre, and though Juliabona must have been a considerable place, there must have been some reason for bunching together the principal monuments. There are remains of baths in the theatre grounds.

Close by are the remains of the rebuilt castle of William the Conqueror, who had the same eye for a good position as Julius the Conqueror. There is a fine keep, and as the castle is in pleasant grounds and a glorious view is to be had from the top, it is a good place to visit. The site deserves study; it was admirably placed, on a little rising ground, so as to guard Lillebonne and the approaches to the river.

The interest of Lillebonne is heightened by the presence, almost on the site of the theatre, of an ancient cemetery and also of a piece of the quay of the Roman port, the Seine having originally come right up to the town. It is, I think, an almost unique combination: you get quay and theatre not far apart at Fréjus, river and theatre near together at Sanxay; but I could not straighten out the chronological order of the Lillebonne remains—save that it would seem natural that the quay came first, the theatre, almost on the quay, second, and the burial-place when the theatre was no longer put to its original use (was part of it perhaps used as a church?).

The "reliques" of Lillebonne I shall discuss not here but when we find them in the Museum of Antiquities at Rouen, of which they are a great adornment.

One of the early celebrities of Lillebonne was Alain Chartier (born at Bayeux 1380). Homage to his talents and to his patriotism was paid by the princess who kissed, in the open court, this "genius in an ugly

frame ", honouring thus the lips whence came golden words.

His chief patriotic work was rather on the lines of the Vision of Piers Plowman, and was an allegorical picture of the unhappiness of France with a stern call to duty and unselfishness.

CHAPTER V

JUMIÈGES

LET us begin our account of Jumièges with the glorious but most eccentric Parish Church, which many visitors perhaps pass by. It ought to arrest our attention, since the people of Jumièges, having to choose between the Abbey Church and the Parish Church, chose to allow the Abbey to become a glorious ruin that they might retain the astonishing building which looks as if it had never been anything but a ruin.

It was, indeed, an offshoot of the Abbey, and the monks were careful of the villagers and desired them to have their proper spiritual abode. It was begun in the twelfth century, and was ultimately dedicated to St Valentine.

One cannot enter by the west door, but one should shut one's eyes and feel the way round to the west and then open them. You look up the rudest nave imaginable ; and it slopes, at quite a stiff gradient uphill. The rudeness of the interior matches the exterior, with its flat, almost windowless, walls, running up to the Renaissance choir, which was to have been extended westwards to swallow up the old nave, but happily never did so. The springs

of the arches of this extended choir give a further aspect of ruin. The nave pillars are cross-shaped and rest on simple, cross-shaped bases. They have no capitals. They run up as pilasters to carry the beams of the very plain pine roof. The north wall is plainness made even more plain. It is broken by arrow-slits of windows. The choir is, of course, more elaborate. As one looks up at it from the west it is very effective. The altar is from the Abbey. On its left is a strange wooden statue of St Valentine, and on its right a rude St Peter, also of wood. In the chapels are other wooden figures: St Crispin, St Vimer, and a most remarkable Holy Trinity; but all is a curious odd mixture of grotesqueness, rude effectiveness, and occasional beauty.

In the north aisle is a "Holy Sepulchre" with wooden figures, quite poor work; and a picture of St Valentine's head, carried by a priest, chasing away an army of rats. We may perhaps suppose that these "rat-miracles" arose from migrating rats, such as the mountain rats of Sweden, which, once started, go straight ahead and drown themselves in lake, river, or sea. Bishop Hatto's rats made for the river, and (apparently) St Valentine's also.[1]

[1] The name of this species is the "Lemming"; an odd-looking little creature, rather like a blend of kitten, rat, and mole, actually a vole. It moves in vast hosts at intervals of five to twenty years, swims lakes, but ultimately drowns itself in the sea. None ever returns. (The year 1926 was a "Lemming Year".) (Facts from Borradaile, *The Animal and its Environment*.)

This strange, rude church, with its strange, rude ornamentation, is indeed a treasure. Let us hope no one will ever restore, rebuild, or level it. There is something pleasingly allegorical about the upward grade from west end to east. Were it not that the structure seems so solid and sound, I should be inclined to think that the nave was not built so but has bodily slipped downwards with a subsiding soil. The odd rough little tower at the east of the nave almost looks as if it had been built to patch over a gap.

There are plenty of stories about Jumièges, abbey and village.[1] The most famous is the legend of the *Hamstrung Princes*. It is a great pity that these stories have to go. But we can be consoled by the thought that the story, once having been started, it is ours for ever. We need not ask, as little children do, " Is it true ? "

Visitors to Jumièges will soon become acquainted with the ordinary legend. Now come the hard facts. The legend is an old one. Clovis II and Bathilde did interest themselves in Jumièges back in the seventh century. Two princes of some sort (perhaps several) were buried at Jumièges, being monks of the Abbey. Surely that was good enough ! But Clovis II only lived twenty-six years, and cannot well have had rebellious sons—he had three boys —save in rebellion against their nurse, and hamstringing is an excessive punishment even for the

[1] I make use of Canon Jouen's book on Jumièges, but I have studied older and more detailed works.

naughtiest children. The three sons did not take vows, but reigned after their father. The two monk princes were probably a duke and his son, defeated by Charlemagne. The tomb was made after the legend had become almost history. In the museum at Rouen is a famous, though beautifully gruesome, picture of the princes floating down the Seine. The artist has not given them the servant whom the legend sends with them.

There is a capital wolf story. Ste Austreberthe used to wash for Jumièges, in her convent at Pavilly. A donkey, unattended, made the journey to and fro. One day—after many years—no donkey appeared from Jumièges. Washing-day being a solemn fixture, the nuns were naturally much upset. Ste Austreberthe, next day, traversed the donkey's usual track and found torn linen and evidence of a torn donkey. She called the culprit—which must certainly have been a wolf—in her abbess's voice, which no one was known to disobey. The wolf came grovelling and fawning, evidently sadly ashamed of itself. Ste Austreberthe read the wolf a long abbatial lecture, and the cowed animal was only too glad to escape by an undertaking to perform the duty of the deceased and comfortably stowed-away donkey.

There are a good many of these wolf stories ; but to this one I cling impenitently. Is there not a sculptured boss with St Filibert "shooing" the wolf off on its weekly journey? Is there not a bas-relief of Ste Austreberthe with her abbess's

crozier, while in the corner—in what the newspapers call an "inset"—is the wolf just making up its mind where to take the first bite of donkey? This I call evidence, and so does Jean Aicard, who has told the tale in verse.

As to St Valentine and his rats, I have already played the higher critic there. But it is not the rats who are really the dubious characters. We can count on them. It is the Saint. Though he wears a mitre in the odd wooden image in the Parish Church, and also in a fine stone statue at Mailleraye (it came from Jumièges), he seems to have been only a simple priest. As priest and martyr he is historical enough. Certainly there is something odd about St Valentine of Jumièges, since the church was not originally dedicated to him at all.

There was a "green-wolf" festival at Jumièges, on the vigil of St John the Baptist's day. This strange old custom (someone—always from the same village—was clothed in green and danced round a fire) is found elsewhere and must go back to unknown antiquity.

While we are in the critical vein it may be added that Agnès Sorel did not possess the manor of Mesnil, where she died (February 9, 1450). It was a dependence of the Abbey, and was a convenient lodging, at a distance, for Agnès, the "Dame (or 'Lady of the Manor') of Beaulté" (one of the properties given her by the King). She did, however, bequeath her heart to the Abbey. Her tomb is at Loches.

The Abbey of Jumièges goes back to a respectable antiquity. The chief mover in the development of community life was St Ouen, who refounded, or at least remodelled, the great Abbey of Rouen. The actual builder and builder-up of Jumièges was St Filibert, helped by St Wandrille. Clovis II and Bathilde were benefactors.

It is a little difficult for us to see why three churches were built in the abbey itself. So, however, it was. St Filibert was a business man, and built a port on the Seine where great trade was done. In the Museum of Jumièges we can see St Filibert in stone, but only from the waist down. "Ex pedibus Herculem."

All remains peaceful and happy till the arrival of those terrible Northmen, who burned and pillaged everywhere, being, indeed, for a considerable period mere looters and not really invaders. Jumièges is not, but two hermits come and settle among the ruins; William Longsword happened to find them during a hunting excursion, was seized by the pathos of the wreck, rebuilt a portion, and drafted in some monks of Poitiers. Now comes the flowery time of Jumièges. Robert II of Jumièges became Archbishop of Canterbury, and sent English gifts to his Abbey—one of the early instances of reflex influence of English Art upon Normandy. Maurille,[1] Archbishop of Rouen, consecrated the great Church of Our Lady in 1067. William the Conqueror, lavish of his new possessions, gave to Jumièges

[1] Or Maurile.

Hayling Island. Ely was glad to have an abbot from Jumièges, now widely celebrated both for piety, learning, and art.

Let us not follow the story of the Abbey much farther. A quarter of its revenues was wasted in contribution to the ransom of Richard Cœur de Lion, who certainly showed himself grateful.[1] The Abbey gave him Pont-de-l'Arche, to help in his military operations against Philippe Auguste: he gave the abbey a weekly market (still continued) at Duclair. All this was very nice and friendly.

The fourteenth century brought to Jumièges, as elsewhere, an outburst of lovely building. The choir of the great church, and a considerable part of St-Pierre, are its exquisite memorials—"bare ruined choirs", indeed, but radiant with beauty.

Let us draw a veil over the devastations of the Hundred Years War, or rather wars. There was war within and war without. There was war within the impoverished, hunted Abbey. The cellarer, unjustly using the great hold his office gave him over his brethren, set up as an opposition abbot and took a good deal of bringing to book. One of the greatest of the abbots was Simon du Bosc, who helped to end the great schism of Rome and Avignon, and was, at Constance, one of the Commission examining the writings of Hus. Rightly was Simon privileged to wear the mitre.

[1] Presumably the word "Rançon" found as personal and place-names—St Wandrille Rançon, Guillaume de Rançon (Abbot of Jumièges)—is a record of this ransoming of Richard.

Nicolas de Roux, his successor, was an assessor at the trial of Jeanne d'Arc. The Abbey underwent various reformations—not the least under the two François de Harlays. It was the younger de Harlay who built the existing Abbot's House.

Let us not forget that Prévost d'Exiles, author of *Manon Lescaut*, made his profession at Jumièges. While there he gave his time to more serious studies than *Manon*.

France, which seems now so rich in sustenance, has passed through terrible famines. In that of 1740 poor denuded Jumièges, with but twenty monks, kept up its old repute for charity, and somehow kept alive some 700 peasants. In 1789, the year of another famine, Jumièges had a soup-kitchen and an infirmary for the starved and sick. In 1790 the monks were dispersed. In 1791 the parish curé, one Adam, refused to desert the Parish Church for the Abbey Church. Did he do right or wrong? At least the Abbey Church makes a more glorious ruin than St-Valentine's could ever have done, and St-Valentine's a stranger parish church than the Abbey.

A good deal of the fittings and decoration of the Abbey has found its way into other churches. Much is preserved in Madame Lepel-Cointet's museum. Much was no doubt blown up by the mine placed in the choir by M. Lefort in 1802. We have left to us the eleventh-century towers, of a rare design, the nave and aisles, transept and ruined choir, of the Church of Our Lady; bases of the towers and

ninth-century bays of the Church of St-Pierre, its walls and part of its choir. The nave of the great church has affinities with that of Durham, in the alternation of rectangular and round columns. In the transepts is a glorious union of Romanesque and Gothic, leading us naturally to the Gothic choir, of supreme beauty. In the north transept was the tomb of Agnès Sorel, probably similar to her tomb at Loches.

Of the Church of St-Pierre the west portion is a remarkable example of tenth-century work; its style is what we should call Saxon, or "pre-Norman"; then follows pure (Early) Norman, and then what we should call "Early English", or fourteenth-century Gothic.

The only part of the other actual Abbey buildings left is the hall, refectory originally, and the store-house. It is of the end of the twelfth century, and the ruins are among the most beautiful.

The lodge, restored in 1860, originally of the fourteenth century, has adjoining to it the hostelry, now a most fascinating museum. Let the visitor note especially some charming gargoyles. We need not call his special attention to the statues, the Agnès Sorel slab, the Tomb of the Princes, the bas-reliefs.

Those who desire to study Jumièges should "work up" the subject thoroughly beforehand. The recent work of Canon Jouen is the most convenient and probably the most complete work for such study.[1] No one should be without it.

[1] Published by Lecerf, Rouen.

By personal excavations in the second-hand book-shops one may dig out quite illuminating old treatises—generally dealing with special points. I have, among others, an interesting pamphlet on the Tomb of the Princes,[1] by the famous antiquary Hyacinthe Langlois—a brief work full of curious learning. The French are excellent antiquaries. If ever ruins were worthy of their best efforts they are these ruins of Jumièges, "the most beautiful in France".

[1] *Notice sur le Tombeau des Énervés.* Rouen, 1825.

CHAPTER VI

ROUEN: HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION

IT is the fashion to take history back to the troglodytes or (if there is a beyond) beyond that. At any rate, one starts with a hoary antiquity, and usually a hairy kind of humanity. We shall not pursue the good people of Rouen back to the days of the ape; we should not so far wrong them. But since, by reason of its excellent position, with heights, river, and a straight reach with a sharp bend above—a very desirable arrangement—since by reason of all this Rouen was an early settlement, we will pick up the threads with the Romans, who have left little remains of importance at Rouen. This is not wholly their fault. Much of the Roman city was of wood; and many fragments of tombs, of walls, and so on, which survived conflagrations, loom up in M. Delaquérière's index with the sad note "Détruites, Démolies". Strong walls there were where Nature had not set already her defences of river and escarpment.

In Roman times there came St Nicaise and one of our own countrymen, St Mellon of Cardiff, to preach the Christian religion. Churches were built in the very early part of the fifth century. In

Christian antiquity Rouen is no whit behind many famous sister cities.

But histories weave themselves not only about respectable bishops but also about very disreputable and singularly unscrupulous princesses—such as Frédegonde, who alone would occupy a very tidy space, under several different headings, in the Newgate Calendar. Still, we must allow that people rather played into her hands. If she murders a bishop, is not a thane who thereupon ventures to talk, even gingerly, about "responsibility" rather asking for trouble? And if, though stoutly refusing to dine with the murderess, he accepts a stirrup-cup at her hands, need he complain if he falls from his horse not far from the Palace a fresh victim? One is glad that, even if too late for himself, he somehow scented death in the cup, just in time to warn his fellows.

There was wild work those days, but Rouen was to see wilder yet. But for the moment, behold two great civilizers. One is St Romain. He is the typical remover of all evil things, since to him is attached the common dragon-taming legend. These tamed dragons are interesting historically, since they are marsh or river creatures, and possibly are a distorted remembrance of large saurians, which, on closer acquaintance, proved to be not so fierce as they were painted. Then, naturally enough, to the legend was attached an allegorical interpretation, and so we have Ste Marthe and her Tarasque, St Romain and his "Gargouille". The name is

popularly derived from "Gurges", a river pool—the very spot for some isolated saurian to linger in; and, whether the derivation is right or wrong, the gargoyles of churches are generally of saurian type. We shall not curiously discuss whether St Romain really led captive any actual creature. He did certainly leave behind him an honoured and indeed sacred memory. In some way he is connected with the yearly release of a prisoner under "St Romain's privilege".

St Ouen was a tamer of superstitions, low and base ideas, idolatrous or savage practices; he warns his flock that the eclipses of the moon follow the "tranquil operations of perpetual Providence", and need not be made the occasion for tumult or lamentation. Surely he was a wise and thoughtful leader of an ignorant flock.

Meanwhile storms were brewing in the north. Europe, after Charlemagne, had grown weak, and lay a ready prey to hardy rovers. Sure enough they appeared, and an easy time they seem to have had of it. The terrors of the North Sea once braved—and they were hardy seamen—they had but to sail up peaceful estuaries to find food and loot to their hearts' content. As they could not be driven or bribed away, they remained under a kind of agreement. Rollo was baptized; he made Rouen his chief city, and parcelled out the country-side much as it is parcelled out to-day, into isolated farmsteads. Robert, called Robert the Devil, soon became a fantastic and legendary figure. But he

lives in history for his undoubted crimes and in his famous son, born of no Eastern princess but of a tanner's daughter, Herleva, or Arlette, of Falaise. His origin was probably William's great asset in the management of those who were by birth his equals. He understood them well; and they knew that he understood them.

Rouen is concerned chiefly with his death. Thrown from his horse at Mantes, he was carried there, and as he could not stand the noise of the city—what would he have thought of it now? —he was taken to the monastery of St-Gervais, where he died in September (1087). The misery and sordidness of his death is known to readers of history. His power had largely been personal. Now all his paid retinue scattered in a mean and selfish "sauve qui peut". Dead William, like living Lear, was left alone with his poor Fool. His burial at Caen was marred by horrors indescribable; and as men scattered at his death, so all men fled from his open grave.

Rouen soon found that William, cast aside and deserted when dead, had been strong when alive, and that there is no tyranny like that of a weak ruler.

In some roundabout way it was the Crusades which helped the people to assert themselves. But a readiness to stand for their rights did not mean less, but more struggle, until the day when an exasperated people involved king and nobles and their own selves in one horrible senseless catastrophe, whence emerged again Tyranny!

OLD HOUSES, QUAI DE PARIS, ROUEN

Rouen suffered the residence of the hated and hateful King John (Lackland) of England. It was in the Seine at Rouen that he cast the poniarded body of Arthur of Brittany. The crime at least gave Philippe Auguste an excuse for attack, and the capture of Château Gaillard was one great result, and John, sensual and coward, seized a lull in military operations as an opportunity to inflict his presence upon a too-long-suffering England, which yet at length awoke and wrung from John some semblance of liberty.

Rouen, deserted, made peace with Philippe Auguste. It would be incorrect to say that Rouen became a spoilt child of France, but she was, on the whole, treated tenderly, and did become quite prosperous and happy. The city boundaries are widened; markets are built; the Robec and Aubette are made over to the citizens.

We cannot blame our English kings and our own forefathers for desiring to possess the green and pleasant land of Normandy. They could not foresee how much better things would be as they are. They saw Normandy pastures, ate Normandy chickens and Normandy butter, and even though Normandy "mossy" cider was not as yet, they felt comforted when there; and they could not help realizing, as we do to-day, that, while England as a country is not to be despised, it has nearly two months more winter than lower Normandy, and it is those two months which break our patient backs. At all events Edward III was determined to retain

as much of France as possible, and, since his operations depended on popular support, no doubt his people were determined likewise.

It was not likely that Jean-le-Bon and Charles-le-Mauvais (of Navarre) would get on well. Rouen—decimated by plague—was their fighting ground. Duguesclin won the crowning victory for the King of France, now Charles V, who began to gather there an army and fleet to chase the English out of France. Rouen paid heavily for her re-incorporation into her rightful suzerainty.

Commerce with England had always been good. It was not so easy to transfer such commerce to France. Still, Rouen, thanks to her splendid position on the navigable Seine, won her way.

But she was to be English yet again. It was the murder of Jean-Sans-Peur at Montereau that made France again a kingdom divided against itself. Henry V of England descended on the city; our chivalrous Shakespearean hero—but not so chivalrous in fact as in dramatic fiction. The same terrible bandying to and fro of the "bouches inutiles" between the lines went on as in the siege of Château Gaillard by Philippe Auguste, as—we fear—in many a siege. At last the city, deserted, was obliged to make terms: the brave Alain Blanchard was put to death, the reward of a splendid patriotism. The English used their victory cruelly.

At the death of Henry V the Duke of Bedford, who is buried in Rouen Cathedral and a lock of whose hair is in its treasury, relaxed a little the iron grip.

Moreover, there came suddenly into the limelight of international strife a country girl—with, perhaps, a rough accent, certainly with a very definite "mission" and purpose. Such of this purpose as was not achieved by her life was achieved by her death. Rouen was the scene of the tragedy; but Rouen herself seems to have been blameless. The ruthless Mephistopheles of the piece was no Englishman but the Bishop of Beauvais. Yet the English it was who burned a saint; and with tears and shame must every Englishman to-day stand by the stone at the corner of a prosaic market-hall which tells where the flames of martyrdom rose up. The proposed setting up of a basilica as near as possible to this spot should engage all English sympathies.

St Joan's work was accomplished. Rouen (and not Rouen only) became French again, and so it has remained. (I omit certain perhaps expected jests about modern British invasions. It does sometimes feel rather like a British dominion across the seas.)

The worthless Charles VII managed somehow to do the right thing by Rouen: he opened to the city the right of navigation to and from Paris. (This makes me ask again: Why no passenger steamers, or at least barges to Paris, in the summer?)

Louis XI, unsatisfactory in other respects, learnt soon where the real strength of his kingdom lay. He courted the big cities. Rouen took a lead in early printing; travellers should see as many as possible of her incunabula. Then Rouen became great under Louis XII, "father of his people";

whose amiable rule seems to have been guided by the simple principle "Laissez faire à Georges"; the said Georges being the great Archbishop of Rouen, Georges d'Amboise the Elder, a great Rouen benefactor and certainly himself a "father" of the Rouen populace. He was immensely rich, but he certainly used his riches like a Pericles. It was he who built the Tower of St-Romain, leaving of the Vieille Tour only its name. The churches burst into fresh glories; the Cardinal finished the "Butter Tower", and placed there a bell, which ominously cracked on the entrance into the city of Louis XVI.

We find Georges d'Amboise everywhere in Rouen, and not least in the great Palais de Justice, the greatest of all civil Flamboyant creations. Well might Louis XII say "Laissez faire à Georges".

Rouen was honoured by visits from successive sovereigns; but we will only refer to the entry of Henry II, when a great fête was given, representing the savage life of Brazil. This marks a stepping-stone in Rouen's foreign developments.

A gloomy time was ahead of Rouen during the lamentable and quite unnecessary "wars of religion". Elsewhere [1] I have pointed out that politics and religion had got sadly entangled in those days. While men thought they were fighting for their creed, they were often really fighting for other causes. But the results were as bad either way—loss of trade, loss of energy, and irreparable loss of multitudinous works of art and even whole buildings.

[1] *A Wayfarer on the Loire*, pp. 200, 201.

Rouen was a centre of Reform, and the sturdy independence, not to say obstinacy, which had marked her citizens—and were so vividly seen in her famous fourteenth-century mayor, Thomas Dubosc—reappeared in the martyrs of the Reaction. We shall not follow them to their scaffolds and their stakes.

One story from the assault upon the city by the Duke of Guise is too strange to be omitted. The Lord of Civile was wounded on the ramparts, fell as if dead, and was buried at the foot of the wall. The assault over, Civile's faithful servant came to search for his master, and a captain was told off to conduct him to the shallow grave. Two bodies were disinterred, but the servant did not recognize his master, covered with blood and earth as he was. He reburied both, and was riding off, very sad at heart, when the captain, who was completing the hasty reburial, caught the sparkle of a diamond. He recalled the servant, to see if here were not a clue to the identity of the owner. The servant recognized the ring, again unburied his master, washed the white face, and kissed him on the mouth as in farewell—when to his amazement there came from the lips a faint, answering breath! The body was at once carried to the military hospital, where the doctors, after a glance, refused to leave their living for this dead. But the loyal servant was not going to give up. He carried his master to his lodging, put him to bed, where he lay five days without motion, at the end of which the wound

opened, the Lord of Civile awoke, and demanded food and drink. He was nicknamed thenceforward " Dead, buried, and risen " !

In those unhappy wars the ultimate triumph lay, as we know, with Henry IV of Navarre, whose first success was the capture of the " Kingdom " of Yvetot. That of Rouen followed soon. In the Abbey of St-Ouen Henry make a moving speech, full of simple eloquence. He then revoked the famous Edict of Nantes. It requires some explanation why this Edict and its revocation had such effect on trade and prosperity. The Edict of Nantes did not give freedom of practising the " reformed " rites and ceremonies. It only gave the " reformed " the right to carry on any kind of trade or employment. So long as this right was withdrawn, a good number of excellent workmen and traders were lost, for the time being, to the State. Rouen certainly seized the opportunity, and all sorts of industrial developments, some successful, and some not, followed.

The supremacy of Richelieu made France great, but not happy. He did not want the people to be " too happy ". At Rouen there were riots and troubles of all sorts. The salt tax, always hated, was here vigorously resisted. Terrible reprisals followed, and not for the first time Rouen endured a " reign of terror ". But Rouen learned to look to herself for her own salvation, and not put her trust in princes. Under Colbert prosperity again dawned. Rouen became busy at home, and most

active abroad. Cavelier de la Salle left to France the legacy of his wide discoveries. Literature flourished; Pierre Corneille, a Rouen man, was the greatest writer of the period.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes plunged Rouen into gloom and want. The capitalists were often Huguenot, and they could find no expedient better than to realize and carry off their capital. Not Rouen only, but all France, came near to bankruptcy. Nearer still to bankruptcy came both France and Rouen, when the too-shrewd Scotsman, Law, taught the blessings of paper money and "promises to pay". Rouen had its scenes and its crowds, near St-Eloi's Church, and Rouen had its share of misguided and ruined citizens.

Louis XVI made a state entry into Rouen in 1786. It looked at one time as if France and the monarchy might yet be saved. But everything went wrong together. Bad speculations leading to widespread distress, a blind and often callous nobility, the introduction of machinery, and a very severe winter, proved a veritable load of last straws.

The horrors of the Revolution were in large part spared to Rouen. Nor did the Empire inflict upon her more wounds than on many other French cities. Rouen, historic and once more prosperous, bore her part in the Great War, both as an inland town and as a great river-port—the Harbour of Paris; and justly claimed her share of a victory the fruits of which, alas! still remain to be garnered by the heroic French nation.

I stayed at Rouen at an hotel kept by the Cheeryble sisters, one of whom, a spacious lady, would dine in the general "salle," after her desk duties. I was pleased with her regular cleansing of her glass, knife, and fork, before beginning, "pour encourager les autres". Making one's bow to her on leaving the dining-room was like saluting the quarter-deck of a monitor (if they have such deck).

To write a full account of Rouen for a work of our present scope is not an easy task. There is so embarrassing a richness of history, of architectural glory, of industrial interest, that while one may know where to begin, and how to end, it is not so easy to decide how much to include. I shall be guided partly by the remembrance that nearly all travellers will be provided with the usual guide-books, or at least with a special guide to Rouen itself, and it may be well to give at this point the advice to purchase little local guides even where you are provided with the larger ones; they are handier, and are often quite well and interestingly written. Usually—not always—they include a small map; and a small map is far best to consult at windy street corners. Occasionally (not, I think, in France) I have been able to purchase, what is much to be desired, sets of cards, ten or a dozen, giving sectional plans, and indications (on similar lines to the maps at the beginning of the *Guides Bleus*) where a castle, a church, an ancient house, a tower, may be found. These are convenient, and it is much to be desired that each town

of importance should publish a set. The ordinary sets of picture post cards are also useful, and should be purchased at once, so that no time is lost in identifying the various buildings.

Since, then, travellers will have guide-books of some sort, my task is easier. If I omit anything, it does not mean that I slight it, only that it does not seem to need special notice.

Then again, the most catholic-minded writers must yield somewhat to their own predilections. If I lay special stress, in dealing with the museums, on the antiquities, this does not imply any depreciation of modern work, or of paintings, or even of the stuffed monkeys. Moreover, since the average traveller is perhaps more familiar with picture-galleries, collections of furniture, jewellery, and so on (I omit the monkeys) than with Gallo-Roman inscriptions or ancient faïence, it will be wise to lay stress chiefly where he needs most help. Even here some adjustment is called for; the design of some ancient Rouen plate or dish will commonly tell its own story, where a pavement, a sculptured tomb, an inscription, may need some explanation.

I should at once make the usual apology that it is hard to say anything new about Rouen, but for the comparatively recent discovery of the Rouen Rubens, which will appear in its due place.

No town can be understood without its history, and Rouen has a long and fascinating history, full of special interest to English-speaking peoples.

Writers on Rouen often speak of the city as a vast industrial growth with only a very small mediaeval core. That is not at all my own impression, either on my first or later visits. The great industrial quarters are there; wide streets run this way and that, and we must surely guess that very beautiful, narrow lanes, with glorious old woodwork houses, high-gabled, outward-leaning, have been cleared away that we may pass along triumphant in trams or chars-à-bancs. But the visitor is only dimly aware of what is lost, and very conscious of the beauties which remain. We go and look with reverence on Jeanne d'Arc's tower, and when we learn that the actual place of her captivity was (rather wantonly) destroyed, we look (and feel) distressed, as we should. But we are absorbed in that which is present rather than that which is absent; and for myself, at least, though aware that Rouen is not as complete as Lisieux and many other well-preserved old towns, I always feel Rouen to be one of our great mediaeval centres, and forget the modern parts (even the front of St-Ouen) altogether.

Then there are museums. Probably most people go to a museum quite aimlessly and wander—I will not say unintelligently, but still aimlessly—from treasure to treasure. Very little good can be got that way. It is best to take your guide-book to bed with you the evening before you are "doing" the museums; then mark down either a special course to pursue, or, at least, special individual treasures to hunt down.

Much has been lost in Rouen, but surprisingly much is saved. Old glass from "disaffected" churches gleams and glows at us in painful modern aisles; old iron gates, old signs, old decorations, old statues, carving from well-known sources—houses or public buildings, even the cathedral itself—rivet our gaze in the museum rooms. "Ex pede Herculem"; from the little that is now left construct the house, the church, the conventual buildings; and next time you walk down the street of Jeanne d'Arc you will not look into the shop-windows, but you will be rebuilding even the sacred ground where you cash your cheques with glories and splendours of the fifteenth century.

Or go and take in the Hôtel Caradas, the lovely house of the rue du Bac, or the front which now stands by St-André's tower, and then think whole streets full of these precious relics. A little study, a little imagination, and you have the old city back again; the gorgeous shopping palaces, the railway station, the banks and hotels themselves will fade and recede like the baseless fabric, the unsubstantial pageant of a vision, and leave behind something at least of what once was Rouen.

Deserting customary order, I shall not begin with the cathedral but with the precious relics of domestic architecture.

Fine Gothic houses are the Hôtel Caradas, and the corner house of the rue du Bac. The hôtel is of a particularly pure type. The corner view is admirable, and the evident imitation of castle

architecture in the cornice is interesting. The arrangement of the ground floor in this and other ancient houses is interesting too, and reminds us of the lodgings which the pilgrims are said to have used at Canterbury.

Two special points deserve notice. The regularity of this and other houses—note especially the arrangement of the corner woodwork—is a mark of the best Gothic. As the Church of St-Ouen will teach us, once and for all smiting the lesson into and through us with an intensity of beauty, when the Gothic artist had got a good thing he knew it and he repeated it, and by his repetition he got his effect. Flamboyant artists, as we might imagine, ran rather wilder.

Then it is worth while noticing what a lot of daylight they went in for in the Dark Ages. Window taxes came with enlightenment. Where one sees unusually tall windows in the upper stories it generally means weaving; Elbeuf gives some good examples, as does Coventry in our own country.

The house of the rue du Bac is better in detail. It has an ecclesiastical look. Little angels support the entablature, something like a Jesse's tree is on the corner. One original shutter remains. It may be later than the Hôtel Caradas; there is Flamboyant work over the ground-floor windows. Happily some earlier owner plastered all its beauties over, and so they came to us fresh and unharmed.

There are two fine reconstructed houses; one—it was one of two unusually perfect Renaissance

types, formerly in the rue de la Grosse Horloge—stands by St-André's tower. It is called the House of Diane de Poitiers, merely because no respectable French town must be without one; just as with us no self-regarding squire dare meet his peers unless he can show in his Hall the room where Queen Elizabeth slept. Never mind its name; all that is left of it is as good as anything in France.

Then there is the House of the Annunciation, from rue Malpalu, now by St Maclou. Its gable alone would render it beautiful, but it is full of quiet charm.

Artists make straight for the rue Eau-de-Robec, and even those who lack the temperament will do well to wander there and see the picturesque houses with their bridges and entrance steps. There is a fine sixteenth-century front just at the beginning of the street (No. 186); elsewhere you will find (where not?) a carved salamander; there is the courtyard of a Gothic house in the Place.

For the remains of other early houses (good ones still remain intact in the streets opening from the Place de la Pucelle, especially rue de la Vicomté) you must visit the Museum, where—in the garden—you will see the front of a house from rue Bon-Espoir, and another from rue Damiette); there are remains of an elaborate house from rue des Maillets, and bas-reliefs (the Liberal Arts) from rue St-Romain.

At the Cluny Museum at Paris you will find a wonderful chimney-piece from the rue de la Croix-de-Fer; but still at Rouen, in the sacristy of

St-Maclou, are to be found the stone columns of a famous house from "Squirrel Street", which had terra-cotta medallions of Roman emperors (hardly worthy—many of them—of such commemoration).

Of Renaissance houses there is one in rue de l'Hôpital with a fine courtyard, and with a remarkable entrance door. Then there is the Maison des Fours Banaux (rue Louis-Brune), quite magnificent; and in its courtyard is a façade from the reign of Henry III—originally at the Hôtel de Ville.

Those who wish to make a special study of the mediaeval houses at Rouen, both those which survive and those many, alas! which are destroyed or "degraded", must read the admirable work of Delaquérière, *Description Historique des Maisons de Rouen*, two volumes (Rouen, 1821 and 1841), with illustrations giving a good deal of precious detail of carvings and ornamentation. These illustrations, at least those of the first volume, are by Hyacinthe Langlois, whose statue stands in the square of his native place, Pont-de-l'Arche. He was expert both as archæologist and engraver, and therefore these volumes are doubly precious, and for that reason may perhaps be difficult to obtain. They can, no doubt, be seen in libraries at Rouen. By studying this work and then studying also what we still have left to us on the spot, we can obtain a very wonderful general view of mediaeval Rouen, possibly insanitary, but evidently beautiful beyond words.

At the end of the second volume is a sorrowful catalogue or necrology, really the index to the

volumes, but made melancholy reading by the constant side notes "Détruite", "Démolie", and "Mutilée".

Now, eighty-five years after publication of the index, we have to write the same sorrowful notes against a very large number of the buildings, carvings, bas-reliefs, churches, convents. In fact, a tour through Rouen with Delaquérière's book in hand would now be a sad series of wild-goose chases. There is nothing for it; we cannot get these antiquities back again; and we must just be grateful that so much is left, if not at Rouen, at least at Lisieux and elsewhere; and we must find compensation in the thought that we owe these clean sweeps to the march of mind, to the development of fast and heavier traffic, which calls in turn for wider highways, and to the general enlightenment of our own somewhat drab and often inartistic times.

But our readers are wearying of beautiful houses: "paullo maiora canamus", let us come to bigger things.

On our general plan of saying less about the greater and more about the lesser, we shall not describe the Palais de Justice (for example) as fully as the ancient houses.

At the Museum is a fine Flamboyant front, from the Abbey of St-Amand. The interspaces of the wood panels are finely sculptured. A magnificent Flamboyant and Renaissance building is the well-known Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde, both for structure and decoration. A notice warns inquirers that

Jeanne d'Arc never lodged there ; but it must have been begun some twenty or thirty years after her death. The gallery is sixteenth century and the wing eighteenth. The decoration of the gallery is the most remarkable feature of the building, though the front (on the court) is quite wonderful, both for its tower and for the beautiful window embellishments. The decorations are sculptured panels of country scenes—shearing, fishing, and others—and above, a Ganymede being carried off by a winged monster. There are also two " Triumphs ", and there are " Triumphs "—clearly from Petrarch's poems—on the gallery, which have also historical scenes, such as the " Field of the Cloth of Gold ", where the Abbé Aumale, who built the gallery, was present. Need I add that you will find the salamander, and with it the phœnix, crest of Eléonore of Austria ? The front, which looks on the Place de la Pucelle, has been shorn of its beautiful five-windowed porch.

The old Hôtel de Ville survives, in part, in the rue de la Grosse Horloge, rebuilt on an earlier edifice in 1607. In uniting the old hotel and the Gothic tower of Notre-Dame-de-la-Ronde the arch of the Grosse Horloge was evolved. We are grateful for the old clock of the still older tower for either going on strike or seeming to be unworthy of the city. The desire for a new clock set going the idea of the arch, the best-known monument, perhaps, in Normandy. The old iron clock, having done its good work, was found to be not as bad as it was

painted; at any rate, it is still there, though I omitted to note whether it is still going, in despite of its younger rival. At any rate, it boasts that it is the oldest clock in the world! And the arch which its real or feigned decrepitude brought into existence in 1529 is one of the most striking of all Renaissance creations in France or elsewhere. The arch, roofed, with dormer-windows, is flanked not only by the tower but by a Renaissance loggia, actually the beautiful abode of the Keeper of the Arch; and in the eighteenth century a new fountain was set in the angle of the loggia—a very eighteenth-century fountain, completing, one would suppose, the sorriest jumble of Gothic, Renaissance, and Decadence! But it is nothing of the sort. It is a most lovely blend; and proves, what we need always to remember, that as Nature blends in our gardens colours which in our houses would cause us to cry aloud, so Art, if it is good, can blend into beauty styles which ought, on paper, to cancel or spoil one another. In churches and cathedrals this holds good especially; when we cry out against restorations, adaptations, it is really only when these are in themselves bad art. Good will always harmonize with good.

The remarkable medallion of the Good Shepherd is, as M. Enlart points out, in his study of Rouen, a curious mixture of a Christ the Good Shepherd, more like St John the Baptist, and a Christ risen from the tomb. Precisely what Alpheus and Arethusa are doing on the Fountain may puzzle

the tourist. In some odd way they suggest that the water of the Fountain finds its way into the Seine—a childish fact of geography which we might have evolved from our inner consciousness but could hardly have gathered from the pretty object-lesson before us.

The present Town Hall is part of the abbey buildings of St-Ouen ; one sees a little of the thirteenth-century work still. The remainder is late and dull ; there is a good winding-staircase in the court.

The Archbishop's Palace looks on rue St-Romain, and a gable still stands over all that is left of the hall where judgment was pronounced on Jeanne d'Arc. In the same hall her " rehabilitation " was pronounced.

The inner front of the Palace has been rebuilt and restored at various epochs. Inside, there are some old remains ; a cellar of (perhaps) 1100 or so, a basement of the early thirteenth century. Both the interior and the exterior fronts are pleasingly broken by towers, some of them of the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Hall of the Estates was used for the " Assembly of Notables " under Louis XIV.

The Archbishop's Palace has four landscapes by Hubert Robert, which deserve much attention. They represent Rouen, Le Havre, Dieppe, and Gaillon.[1] The view of Rouen is from the left bank of the river, of Le Havre from the southern pier, the old towers still standing. Figures are grouped

[1] The account here given is from Georges Dubosc, *Par Ci, Par Là.*

in both pictures—peasants at Rouen, seamen and fishermen at Le Havre. The view of Rouen is signed and dated 1773. There was a fifth picture, a view of La Roche Guyon. This picture, thinks M. Dubosc, makes it fairly clear that all five were painted to the order of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld.

The paintings, which fill precisely the space which was waiting for them, are the work, perhaps, rather of the Decorative artist than the finished-landscape painter. No one, however, should miss seeing them.

For the last word in civil Flamboyant architecture you must study the Palace of Justice. Let us get clear about this Flamboyant (flame-shaped) architecture. Just as we get excellent "Norman" architecture in England, so France has what we must not call an English style, but certainly an English development, in her Flamboyant, some of which was directly imported from England—that is, was built by English architects during the English occupation.

We in this country developed Gothic on our own lines; the pillars were reduced to the slenderest possible shafts—rather two delicate shafts than one large one; the walls were reduced to next to nothing; the windows became everything. Then the accessories of architecture, the decorations, were allowed to run almost wild, literally like flames in a furnace. Hence we get fronts, aisles, chapels, of the utmost elaboration (as at Louviers, for example), the English development being carried to a length almost unattempted in our own country.

First, then, Flamboyant is, at least in origin,

English. But secondly, it is not a "decadence." There is too much tendency to call "decadent" whatever is a departure from a standard. Perhaps there were, and are, definite periods of decadence—our "Georgian" period was one. But Flamboyant is far from decadence; it is a glorious development of a style already beautiful, and may indeed be said to show the utmost of which stone is capable. Never, therefore, reader and fellow-wayfarer, be ashamed of your admiration for Flamboyant; gaze on, and learn to love, the porch and aisle of Louviers; and realize there that whatever critics may care to say, if ever architecture deserved the epithet "heavenly", it is when it was allowed to "flicker", as it were, to the sky.

Wayfarers need no description of this wonderful Palais de Justice, which they will no doubt study carefully and at leisure. The "Palace" is in four sections, two old and two new. But it does not look patched. The front (or back) on the rue St-Lo gives the best idea of the original style. We look upon the front now quite uninterrupted. Originally one did not get the full glory of the front till after passing through the "Stag Gate"; a wall running on either side of this gate jealously hiding all but the upper part of the gorgeous front.

There are admirable rooms and halls within. Visitors will generally take a walk in the Salle des Pas Perdus: not really a very remarkable building within. Its name is, of course, a little bit of cynicism; the litigants waiting their turn are "wasting their

steps " whether they win or lose. Strangely enough, some authorities have thought that the expression emanates from Paris and dates only from the Revolution, being originally applied to the hall of the Conciergerie. But all the Law Courts in France, and indeed elsewhere, have their " Halls of the Wasted Footsteps ".

Looking upon the Cathedral is the Bureau des Finances of 1510; like the Palais de Justice, it was the work of that master of Flamboyant, Rouland le Roux. It has been sadly " restored ". There is a beautiful gallery (now a right of way) in the Chambre des Comptes. The building is of 1524.

Museums may seem to be dull things, but that depends on how you use them. The Rouen Museum of Antiquities is one of the most fascinating of all French museums, and comes after that of Lyons for all-round excellence and completeness. You go in by a splendid Renaissance door, from the rue de la Grosse Horloge. In the courtyard—the Museum is in an old convent—are statues, reliefs, tombs, etc.; and the galleries are grouped round this central yard. In the Galerie Cochet your gaze will at once be attracted by some fine stained glass, representing the occupations of different months of the year. They are from the Church of Montigny; but they are clearly domestic or civil rather than ecclesiastical. Then there is a fine series of six panels of the " Story of the Jew and the Consecrated Host ". In Case No. 26 are ancient weights according

to the use of Rouen, or rather of Arques, which had the privilege of standardizing the weights of Upper Normandy.

Exhibits 98 and 99 are from the Abbey of St-Georges-de-Boscherville. There is a remarkable series of musicians, a "jongleresse", or tumbler, standing not too gracefully on her head, while someone, suspiciously like King David, plays the violin, and someone else a harp. In this gallery one of the most beautiful things is a Baptism of Christ—Byzantine work on rock crystal. Among statues, there is a beautiful St Catherine, triumphant (No. 56), and a wonderful ivory Virgin and Child; and a bronze martyr-bishop, obviously pleased with his martyrdom, and splendidly defiant.

The Salle Deville is full of the prehistoric, and of the Greek and Roman periods. In the seventh case is a bronze Apollo from Lillebonne, and in another case is a remarkable Mercury from Epinay, and a gladiator from Lillebonne.

We have now come to the room of the mosaic of the Bretonne Forest. But first let us look at the chimney-pieces from the house of Pierre Corneille, rue de la Pie. We hope that wayfarers will already have made a pilgrimage to the other house of Corneille, at Petit-Couronne.

The mosaic, which is the chief attraction of this room (there are sculptures from Lillebonne; a remarkable Venus altar from Liffremont) is unhappily set up in the wall, so that one sees it at a wrong perspective. There is a good Orpheus, and

a good lion, not soothed by Orpheus's music, but very wide-awake. There are also remarkable Lillebonne tomb-reliefs, and (also from Lillebonne) a very striking Bacchanalian scene; Pan plays his pipes, two figures stand, and a fourth figure (surely not a woman, as is thought; at any rate, she has very masculine biceps) is seated, and holds up an unusually large left hand.

We must pass through the Galerie Pottier, not missing, however, the wooden reliquaries—one a bishop, one a Pope, and a most pleasing bishop-reliquary in willow-wood from St-Wandrille; something has evidently pleased the good old man, and his face is just breaking into a "Renaissance" smile.

The room of the Lillebonne mosaic has some admirable china, including some of the Palissy school, and many with quaint inscriptions. There is a (probable) Andrea della Robbia; beautiful brocades and other richly wrought materials; and Fontainebleau tapestries.

The great mosaic is in the floor of the room below and one looks down on it from a gallery. The centre figures are Apollo and Daphne; hunting scenes form the surrounds. Some critics regard the work as rather poor. At any rate, it was by an artist fetched express from Puteoli, and by his pupil, of Carthage. It was certainly, therefore, originally set in some very important and rich house. One of the hunting scenes is the invocation of Diana in the forest-depths: her statue is on a pedestal, and two little boys in surplices stand near. The little

square in which is the entrance has also many interesting relics. We have already referred to those from the Abbey of St-Amand. There is a wonderful relief from the old Rouen hospital, with a scene of an oratory, and the faithful (including an archbishop and a prior) at prayer.

Of the Art Museum I mention only the Rubens Crucifixion, lately discovered in the Tribunal of Commerce. Being cleaned, it showed not only very wonderful colouring, but also the signature of Rubens. It was transferred to the Museum. It has relations with the central figure of Rubens's Crucifixion now at Toulouse. There is something of El Greco about this new Rubens.

Finally I mention a puzzling building, the Old Market Halls. These, to look at, are one of the oldest buildings in Rouen ; but they are, in part, only seventeenth century. The pillars of the interior, at least, are a good deal older. In the courtyard (Place de la Haute Vieille Tour) is the Renaissance monument, of a very pure and beautiful style, called the " Fierte de St Romain "—it played its part in the curious but pleasing ceremony of the release of a prisoner each year. In the cathedral treasury you will find much of interest in connexion with this old custom.

Do not forget the Boys' School, with its very fine chapel, or the Girls' School, housed in a fine seventeenth-century building. The Boys' Chapel is partly built of stone from Château Gaillard.

I must leave aside the Gates (Portes Dorée and

PLACE DE LA HAUTE VIEILLE TOUR, ROUEN

Guillaume Lion) and the Fountains, in which Rouen was once as rich almost as Rome. The Fontaines Lisieux and St-Maclou are remains of themselves. The glorious Fontaine de la Pucelle has gone: we can see what it was in a picture in M. Enlart's book. Of the restored Fontaine du Grosse Horloge we have already spoken. The old Fontaine de la Croix de Pierre is in the Musée des Antiquités.

Rouen seems now a city of churches. Not so very long ago it must have seemed a city of nothing else. In 1866 Delaquérière published his *Description of Twenty-four Suppressed Churches.* Some have been utterly destroyed, some put to secular uses. In the modern churches you may find their relics; glass from St-Etienne (and of other churches) in St-Romain, where also is St-Etienne's font-cover. Under one modern church (St-Gervais) you will find a very ancient crypt. St-Etienne still stands, a monument of rich Flamboyant work, but is a store-house. St-Eloi, also Flamboyant, has become the church of the "Reformed" in Rouen. St-Laurent is now the Museum of Iron-work, of which it contains a priceless collection. Its "flèche" was famous; its base alone remains on the fine tower. The tower of St-André had a "flèche" too. Altogether Rouen is not very lucky in "flèches". Glass from the church is in England (perhaps at South Kensington).

But there are churches still left. St-Godard has not only the wonderful "Tree of Jesse", but other splendid windows besides. It too has an ancient

crypt (restored). St-Vincent is well known for its glorious glass ; but it is itself a beautiful Flamboyant church, worthy of much study. We know the sixteenth-century artists of the windows ; they were father and son. The blue groundwork of the windows shows influence of the Chartres School. There is a very fine " Triumph " of the Virgin, by the son, Jean le Prince ; there is a glorious " Chariot " window—the " Triumph of Religion " ; there are ravishing pinks, especially on the dais in the second window on the right (Ste-Anne) ; there is a Jesse window, from St-Godard, and earlier than the great Jesse window now at St-Godard. It is worth while going to and fro and comparing the two.

If you go to St-Vincent in a festal season you will also see magnificent tapestries.

It is, however, St-Patrice which most holds me of all the Rouen churches. It is rather simple in style, but is made all glorious within by a galaxy of ancient windows of surpassing beauty, with some modern ones which do not jar on me, as the guide-books tell me they should.

At once you will be struck by the great yellow window, the Triumph of Grace (Rouen is full of " Triumphs "). Then there is a touch of brown (St-Francis) which always " hales my soul out of my body ". Here too are wonderful pinks.

St-Godard was indeed prodigal of its riches, as we find here a History of Job (very remarkable) which comes from St-Godard.

It is usually held by experts (of whom I am not

one) that this "Triumph" window is frigid and over-eccentric. Presumably I am myself eccentric, since, with the obstinacy of one who eats the wrong ends of asparagus because "he prefers them", I confess to a great admiration for this and other "Triumph" windows (as at Louviers, Pont-de-l'Arche, and Elbeuf) which are commonly yellow, by reason of the chariots which necessarily figure there. They give us certainly some magnificent yellows and flame-colours, and—late though they are—make (to me at least, in my impenitent philistinism) a very pleasing break among the gorgeous blues of earlier centuries.

St Patrick appears in many of the windows. In one, he is causing a thief who has stolen and (to make sure) eaten a sheep—or perhaps it is merely a young materialist who has thus broken his Lenten fast—to confess his crime by bleating. I do not think greatly of this miracle (though I do of the window itself); French mutton is France's worst effort, almost her only real failure, and does make one inclined to bleat.

Before passing to the wonderful church of St-Maclou we may remind travellers not to omit the fine church of Darnétal, or rather of Long-Paon, and the Darnétal tower, standing apart from its (modern) church. Petit-Quevilly also has a fine chapel, founded by our King Henry II, with thirteenth- (and perhaps twelfth-) century paintings on the vaults of the sanctury. These are in very good order, and should by no means be missed.

The Forest of Rouvray is the subject of a pleasing

sketch by George Dubosc in his Normandy studies, *Par Ci, Par Là.*

Rouvray is the oak forest or Roveretum. It has various meres (mares), and in the Mare du Puits, near Oissel, are vestiges of a Gallo-Roman settlement. Here was found a statuette of Venus, a statue of Diana, and the remains of baths, which show the settlement to have been thermal.

Forest rights (pasturage of pigs, gathering of wood, and so on) were generously handed over to hospitals and convents ; in fact, these rights must have overlapped a good deal, and been fruitful sources of quarrels. Yet the sick folk, or at least the convalescents, would have good bacon for breakfast, and the lazar-house, where is now the ancient chapel, at Petit-Quevilly, would be warmed by good oak logs. Now and then all rights had to be suspended, till the poor plundered forest was worth plundering again.

With the rights went certain duties ; one licensed huntsman must provide the stuffing for the King's mattress, others, more humble, must act as beaters for large hunts.

Besides rights, there were " customs " ; many of the neighbouring parishes had such " customs " ; some had the right to swarms of bees, others might carry off animals killed by wolves : the Rouen Chapter came near by to get " bushes " for Palm Sunday.

CHAPTER VII

ROUEN: CATHEDRAL AND CHURCHES

RETURNING to Rouen, we shall find a fourteenth-century church (des Augustins), now " disaffected ", near the Place de la République. It is of a very original design, and those expert in architecture should study so much of it as is still visible.

St-Paul's church is new ; but the ancient church (of the twelfth century) is said (I know not whether rightly) to have been built on the site of a Temple of Adonis.

One might think that St-Maclou was a kind of Flamboyant " sport " or " freak ", if we had not St-Vincent near by, which is well on the way towards St-Maclou's certainly rather unique development. Louviers, Pont-de-l'Arche, Caudebec, Vernon, all show how such a development was quite possible and indeed logical. St-Maclou had a very remarkable builder or rather rebuilder, the King's master-mason, Pierre Robin. Strictly speaking, only the porch of St-Maclou (which naturally strikes us first) is at all unusual, being fan-shaped. I first saw St-Maclou (and the cathedral) covered with white frost in a winter dawn, and the remembrance of that heavenly vision is still with me.

St Maclou we know best as St Machutus or St Malo, a Briton—not Breton—of the fifth century. After some few years as a bishop, he sought solitude in Brittany. But his light could not be hid; he is missionary, builder, and somehow transfers his lost episcopate to his new abode, Aleth. But sanctity brought persecution; he went south, to Saintonge, where in 565 he died. Aleth, in gratitude, changed its name to St-Malo.

At Saintes (in Saintonge) I found no legends of special interest about St Maclou. At St-Malo, too, there seem to be no special local legends. The writer of the *Lives of the Breton Saints* (G. dom. Lobineau) points out that both at Aleth (St-Malo) and at Saintes, St Maclou brought to life a boy who drew water (perhaps for him) at the well, and was drowned therein. This apparently is an instance where one and one do not make two, but nought. Relics of St Maclou from Saintes were apparently "conveyed" to Aleth by a Breton gentleman, who thought, it seems, that ends justify means. He paved the way by a show of great piety—"s'étant préparé à son vol par l'usage des sacramens"—and so won the confidence of the Treasurer that he was entrusted with the keys of the Treasury.[1]

One would like to think that this is the only record of relic-filching. Apparently it became rather a fine art.

[1] See Surius, F. Laurentius, Carthusianus, "De probatis sanctorum historiis", 1570.

The first church was burned in 1200, and the second eleven years later. That is what comes from an insufficiency of " pompiers ".

The third church was in a bad way in 1432. The parish was a busy and closely populated one, lying between the Robec and the Aubette. It was determined to build a worthy church. The subscription list survives in the archives. Pierre Robin was called in. The bills are preserved. The masons got under four sous a day, but must have been of a thoroughly craven spirit, since the work advanced with unusual rapidity. No wonder a local poet wrote—not to the papers, but in the parochial archives—a piece of triumphant doggerel. Rapidly though the masons worked, they scamped nothing, and eighty-seven years of devoted toil produced this jewel of Flamboyant art.

On the plan which permeates this work, of not describing the obvious and of giving more emphasis to the less known, I shall not give a full account of the outside of St-Maclou, which may be walked round, but shall only call attention to salient points.

Study the porch. There is our fellow-Briton, St Maclou, on the top of the nearer gable. The Church does not shrink from placing a mere man—holy as he was—in that exalted position. Below is the Holy Trinity. Behind this fretted gable is the main west gable surmounting the glorious rose window. In the arch of this gable is the figure of Christ. This hiding of the true front by a more western front may have irritated Mr. Ruskin. It is

certainly very bold, and it is certainly a triumphant success. The outer front of the Church of Vernon is also bold; there it is, all plain before you. No mystery, no coy rose window just peeping forth " like a bride from her curtains ".

On the very top of the true front is the Cross, blown down in February 1800, bringing along with it the shattered fragments of the statue of St Maclou, with a good deal else of the ornament.

The repair was excellently done. On the sides of the Cross the two phials were again placed, which proclaim that the church, always the darling of the Archbishops, had for two and a half centuries the privilege of distributing the holy oils.

Against the Cross, to give it fresh support, they placed a Virgin and child. A new St Maclou was set up, a portrait of the then curé—a traditional custom of statuaries. The two doors are masterpieces, whether Jean Goujon carved them or not. The medallion of the left door is of the Good Shepherd. Lift the " blanket " to see the lower portion. The door is flanked by Melchizedek and Aaron, St Peter and St Paul. The medallion is of very bold allegorization. The Good Shepherd is at the door of the fold, and warns off four false shepherds; a priest, a learned doctor, a king, and a Pope! It is Dantesque in its stern beauty.

Perhaps we ought to say that others (Enlart, for example) see in the medallion the Good Shepherd handing on the sheep to St Peter, who is supported by king, doctor, and priest. But the former view

seems more likely, when we consider the more than Dantesque vigour of the carving of the central tympanum, on which we may hear Ruskin, this time an enthusiast: "Far more splendid is a licence taken with a niche decoration of the Portal of St-Maclou. The subject of the tympanum bas-relief is the Last Judgment, and the sculpture of the Inferno side is carried out with a degree of power whose fearful grotesqueness I can only describe as a mingling of the minds of Orcagna and Hogarth . . . the condemned . . . are driven not merely to the extreme limit of that scene, which the sculptor confined elsewhere within the tympanum, but out of the tympanum and *into the niches* of the arch; while the flames that follow them . . . burst up through their tracery, the three lower-most niches being represented as all on fire, while . . . there is a demon in the roof of each . . . grinning down out of the black shadow."

The central door is double, the left is the Old, the right is the New Testament. The other side of the doors is also carved; there is a riot of strange figures, some of which also appear (Cupids and Satyrs), oddly enough, on the front of the left door. The right-hand door was never carved.

In the north-east angle of the church is the Renaissance Fountain of St-Maclou, now in sad disrepair. It seems certain, however, that the two little boys are emulating their cousin of Brussels, to say nothing of other naughty relatives at Clermont-Ferrand and elsewhere.

The door on rue Martainville is extremely fine also. But doctors disagree, some regarding it as even better than, others as quite inferior to, the west doors. The medallion on the right side is the death of the Virgin.

Pierre Robin had included a spire in his plan (the Musée des Antiquités has a model of the church, of about 1500). It was of wood, covered with lead. In 1730 it had (by reason of age and storms) canted southwards ; orders were given to take it down, but this was not completely done till 1796. The new crocketed stone spire was finished in 1871. There is general agreement that it is a great success, though we must sadly regret the original spire, slender, delicate, and resplendent with paintings and gildings.

But now it is time to go inside. On entering, we must at once be riveted by the great organ, its gallery, and its most beautiful staircase. Of organ and gallery you can have a wonderful view, looking back through one of the arches.

The organ itself is of 1541. A previous organ (described by a mis-spelling, perhaps not inappropriately, if it was like some of our village organs, " ungo ogres "), though a gift of a parishioner, was displaced. For sheer vigorous generosity to the seemly enshrining of their worship, the people of St-Maclou bear the palm. Nothing seems to have pleased them like the opening of another subscription list. The curés themselves (not usually wealthy persons) were in the van. One of them gives the pipes either for the rebuilding of the old, or the

building of the new, organ. This seems to the uninitiated a pretty good lion's share. But organs would not do without a gallery; and the best master in France must build it. Jean Goujon (no doubt about him this time) sets up the gallery on two beautiful marble pillars, a work for which he not only richly deserved his pay but also the little "pourboire"—"donné aud. Gougon pour son vin . . . v sous". (How careless they were of their great men in those days! Who ever heard of "the said Michael Angelo" or "the said Joshua Reynolds"? and they do not even trouble to spell the master's name right.) Jean Goujon earned his wine, and if Architectural Truth as well as other kinds lurks at the bottom of a cask, we would fain have known the brand, which might perhaps inspire some of our modern architects.

Guillebert was the master carver, and the total result is a work of Renaissance dignity and beauty which must surely make us hesitate to accept Ruskin's view of what Browning would call the "sadness, madness, and badness" of this period.

As for the staircase by which the organist climbs to his organ,[1] if he does not make heavenly music when he gets to the top of it, he certainly should receive neither wine-allowance nor indeed any pay at all. It is one of the very loveliest achievements of Flamboyant art. If our little English choir-boys

[1] It was probably not made for this purpose, but to give access to a rood-loft. It has been fitted (rather unkindly) into its present place.

climbed to their gallery by such an ethereal path, the evillest could not fail to become " non Angli sed Angeli ".

Standing beneath the organ you will get the best general view of the church. You should also stop at the transept and look upward at the lantern, a feature of best Norman work.

One must always regret that so many beautiful choirs are spoiled by unnecessary and inartistic accessories. The choir is the culminating point of the church ; and though our English altar settings may often have erred on the side of severity, they have erred on the right side. Abroad, glorious churches are often wrecked by what we may almost, with justice, designate by that most condemnatory of words, " flummery ".

St-Maclou is as nearly spoilt as could be by its " glory ". It is true the choir itself is dignified ; but as the " point of rest " of the whole church the choir is a sad bathos. Ruskin himself could hardly condemn in adequate terms this error. It is better to weep in silence, and throw one's gaze upward to the beautiful and unobscured apsidal windows. Under the altar were the body of a martyr, Vérécoud, and relics of St Maclou. A few of these relics survived the Revolution, which seemed as violent against the bodies of the dead as of the living. Other relics of St Maclou were received in gift from Maffliers, Moisselles, and St Brieuc, and now rest in St-Maclou's chapel.[1]

[1] Dinan claims further relics.

There are fourteen chapels; in St-Joseph's chapel will be found some very interesting inscriptions which have to do with the history of the church. In that of Ste-Clotilde is a representation (probably) of the death of St Thomas of Canterbury, perhaps a portrait.

The transepts have still their Renaissance windows; in the left transept is a Tree of Jesse.

These brief notes must guide the visitor—they can do no more—to a full and careful study of this quite exquisite Flamboyant jewel.

If I seem briefer in my account of the Cathedral than of St-Maclou, it must be because there the visitor will be, perhaps, both better informed and more alert. Besides, there is the Beadle.

We cannot get far enough away to see the front properly. Still, it is most imposing and gains from its very irregularity. The north tower—of St-Romain—has some very ancient work at the base. For myself, I think this Roman; though it remains a fact that in Rouen we do not find much that looks Roman. The reason of this is discussed in the short history of Rouen. At any rate, early twelfth-century work begins quite close to the present soil level; and twelfth century it remains till it reaches its curious extinguisher, which is of the Flamboyant period. It is probable that this tower and the twelfth-century tower at Chartres are not independent in origin. Both towers survived destructive fires. Both grow lighter, almost delicate, as they go upward. Those who desire to study the Rouen

tower thoroughly should go inside. The first floor was a chapel; the sanctuary is cut into the thickness of the wall. The architecture, both inside and out, is simple, but it is by no means rough or even plain. All that has been attempted has been excellently done; and the whole result of both this tower and its fellow at Chartres is an impression of great elegance.

With the tower, in 1200, escaped also the walls of the "deambulatory" or "promenade". An old twelfth-century tomb has survived too; guide-books and guides, who like to give to everything a "local habitation and a name", call it the tomb of Archbishop Maurice, who died in 1257. The tomb is, however, earlier.[1]

The work of reconstruction was given to a great master, Jean d'Andeli, whose hand you may also, perhaps, see in the churches of the Andelys. The gates and doors are all magnificent. Much time should be given to the side gates, especially the Gate of the Booksellers,[2] of the end of the thirteenth century. They are rather like the gates of Mantes Cathedral.

The Butter Tower stands as a perpetual, though unneeded, memorial to the excellence of Normandy butter, and the large amount consumed by the faithful even at inappropriate times. It is indeed a worthy memorial. Flamboyant art could go no farther.

[1] Not, however, that of Maurile (*Guide Bleu*), who was an eleventh-century archbishop.

[2] The shops were apparently grouped there. Different trades had their own streets or quarters.

The spire is modern, and perhaps is an error. It replaces a very beautiful pyramid of Robert Becquet, which one may see in books and prints published before the great fire of September 1822. There had been an earlier "pyramid", in stone, set up by the Archbishop Maurile about 1060. It was destroyed by lightning in 1117. Fire from heaven and fire from below were the standing plagues of the Cathedral; one realizes that there may be some use, after all, in the dreadful "lightning-conductor-men" of whom we read in American humorists. The second pyramid, imitating the first, but in wood, fell an easy prey to the great fire of 1200. These two pyramids had galleries, and were topped by four turrets with imperial crowns. After the fire, the central tower was rebuilt. The third pyramid, or the second, repaired and rebuilt, was terminated by a very fine needle or point, and was fifteen feet higher than Becquet's spire, which succeeded it when it was burned in 1514, this time owing to careless plumbers. A long time was spent in discussing this new pyramid ("spire" is not quite the right word), and it was not put in hand till 1542. Robert Becquet, native of Rouen or Darnétal, set it up. It was indeed a masterpiece. The lines of the tower were continued in narrowing stages or stories of charming delicacy, till the spire took its beginnings, making a most slender and graceful ornament to the whole structure, and seeming, as all good spires do seem, to go on upward and upward into the Empyrean.

One may say what one will about the Cathedral's iron " flèche ". Perhaps the soundest remark is the theological maxim, " Fieri non debuit ; factum valet ". One thing remains sure, that the view you get from the Place de la Basse Vieille Tour, or just as you leave it, is, to my mind, one of the finest things in Normandy—and that means (nearly) anywhere : and that view is mostly " flèche ".

Sad indeed is the story of the Rouen " flèches ". As if lightning and fires from more normal causes were not enough, it was a point of honour among Rouen plumbers to set the woodwork alight at all hazards.

In 1625 and 1627 Becquet's pyramid was struck by lightning but unharmed. In 1642 the lightning again passed through the open woodwork, and the Chapter ordered that when thunder was imminent the bells should be rung. Presumably a Grandsire Bob would drive off tempests. In 1715 a workman emptied his pipe on some decayed beam ; a heroic locksmith turned fireman, and after three hours' work he extinguished the flames. In 1727 the plumbers, hurrying off to dinner at three o'clock, (no doubt they were hungry) left their fire burning ; again prompt action (as the papers say) averted a catastrophe.

So Becquet's pyramid came through, but not unscathed ; it had settled with a slight south-westerly cant, and in 1804 serious steps were necessary. The whole structure was strengthened and re-leaded. Eighteen years later the lightning worked

its will, and in a few hours the glorious masterpiece was in ashes. The citizens had rushed to save it; but it seemed as if the structure was determined to burn, for every gargoyle poured a stream of molten lead on those without, while those within had much work to pass the water up to such a height. At length it fell, almost entire, to the south-west, on one of the towers by the Porte de la Calende, the cross piercing a house. The fire spread to the choir roof and thence to the nave, but the Chapel of Our Lady escaped, as if by miracle. The iron "flèche" of to-day has for model an iron spire of Séez Cathedral and the stone spire of Salisbury. Let all travellers make up their minds about Rouen's "flèche". Certainly it is effective either at a distance or seen between houses.

Perhaps tombs may seem gloomy and ghoulish; but they stand for much in a great historical monument. There is the tomb of the heart of Richard the Lion Heart; in the Treasury is the leaden box with the inscription, "Hic jacet cor Ricardi Regis Anglorum". The box was found in 1540.

Then there is the slab of Henry, Richard's brother, and of John, Duke of Bedford, who survived St Joan by four years; and there is, close to the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, a really pathetic inscription: "Here lie Jacques Turgis, Robert Taillebot, Charles Lebrasseur, natives of Rouen, executed at Andely the 25th of October 1625, for a supposed assassination of which they were falsely accused, and afterwards declared innocent by decree

of the Council given at Poitiers, December 1627". A mass was to be said for them every 25th October.

The tomb of Pierre de Brézé is interesting both as a remarkable piece of realism as well as a fine example of delicate ornamentation; but the presence of Diana of Poitiers, his widow, dressed (as widows were) in the habit of some order, and the picture (one is tempted to say the smug picture) of devoted grief, adds not a little to its interest.

The great tomb of the Cardinals is one of the chief masterpieces of the Renaissance. The Cardinals are George the Younger, who set up the monument, and George the Elder, Archbishop of Rouen and Minister of Louis XII. Among the smaller figures is St Romain with his "Gargoyle"—a dragon, rather like the "Tarasque" and other fabulous creatures.

I give to travellers the advice always to see the treasuries of cathedrals and the larger churches. How should I ever have forgiven myself if I had not seen the ivory Madonna of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, or the Leonardo da Vinci of some church in Spain? The Rouen treasury is magnificent. It is worth paying the fee to mount the beautiful staircase. I will not detail the treasures. Only I will mention the acoustic vases, which one finds fixed in position in the Chartreuse of Villeneuve-les-Avignon. They were a Greek invention (like most else), and "Peacockians" will remember Lord Curryfin's use of them in *Gryll Grange*. Then there is a "chasse", itself recent, of which the inscription is worth

recording, " Cette chasse renferme seulement quelques parcelles des vêtements de la Ste Vierge Marie ". I like that " seulement ". " A mere nothing ", it seems to say.

There are glorious Aubusson and Gobelin tapestries in the cathedral. There is wondrous glass, some of the thirteenth century. Finally, I state that St Mellon, of Cardiff, was the second Archbishop—perhaps the first; and that the choir of the cathedral is sensibly " orientated " to the north.

I thought to summon together all my extravagant adjectives for my description of St-Ouen. In view of a great critic's opinion, which I append, I must go warily. But I remain impenitent. St-Ouen is the most perfect building out of Greece. I know I ought to say dreadful things about the modern west front; but it does not trouble me—I just go inside.

I have already called attention to the Gothic way of getting something very good, and repeating it. St-Ouen is regular, but not " icily " regular; it is splendid, not " splendidly null ". One remarkable feature is the way in which the niches of the pillars, though void of statues, just break any possibility of monotony as you look eastward.

St-Ouen has lost all its old abbatial buildings except a fragment of the cloister. Let us rejoice that the church owes much of its beauty to Alexandre de Berneval, who brought his ideas from England. He is responsible for the Flamboyant element in the transepts. St-Ouen is one of those

churches with a glazed triforium, of which mention is made below.[1]

As a useful corrective to the misplaced lyrical admiration given above to the great Church of St-Ouen (less its west front), it may be well to quote part of the opinion of a great and trenchant critic: "I do not know anything more strange . . . than the praise lavished upon this lantern; it is one of the basest pieces of Gothic in Europe; its Flamboyant traceries being of the last and most degraded forms. . . . (St-Ouen's) nave is a base imitation, in the Flamboyant period, of an Early Gothic arrangement; the niches on the piers are barbarisms; there is a huge shaft run through the ceiling of the aisles to support the nave piers, the ugliest excrescence I ever saw on a Gothic building; the traceries of the nave are the most insipid and faded Flamboyant. . . . There is nothing truly fine in the church but the choir, the light triforium, and tall clerestory, the circle of Eastern chapels, the details of sculpture, and the general lightness of proportion." [2]

So now we know. Mr. Ruskin classifies Admiration as Sentimental, Proud, Workmanly, or Artistic. We need waste none of these, it seems, on St-Ouen.

Well! there is nothing like being quite sure. Flamboyance is a lie, and Renaissance art is "tainted"!

Alas! alas! I remain impenitently Flamboyant. Louviers, Pont-de-l'Arche, Vernon, St-Vincent, St-

[1] Chapter X. [2] Ruskin, *Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

Maclou, seem to me to give the lie to the great man's views! He will have none of the cathedral "flèche", and there he is right, at least on paper. "Such works as the cast-iron central spire of Rouen Cathedral are not architecture at all."

But he does appreciate the west door—Flamboyant though it be! "The central gate of Rouen Cathedral I suppose to be the most exquisite piece of pure Flamboyant work existing; . . . the gate . . . has hardly any Renaissance taint."

Readers will remember the curious custom, seen at St-Wandrille, of tying little bandages round the arms of the statues. This also we find at St-Ouen. It is said to be an Eastern custom, brought over in the Crusades. But there is a nearer parallel in the custom which certainly existed recently in Wales of tying strips of handkerchiefs, and so on, on trees, usually near some spring, reputed sacred. The origin of the custom is doubtful. One is reminded of Thibetan prayer-flags. Ancient writers traced it back to the representations of the column to which our Lord was attached, surrounded with cords.

Attached to St-Maclou is the solemn little "Garth" or Aître. In Italy we find cemeteries surrounded with cloisters or arcades. The Campo Santo of Pisa is perhaps the most famous example. There is a fine French one at Montivilliers, near Le Havre, with its fine wooden gallery. In these cemeteries the burials were almost entirely in the "Garth"; the galleries were used for depositing the

bones which were removed in digging new graves. So in the Garth of St-Maclou. It was purchased, after a pestilence, in 1400. The galleries were built later, with their upper chambers. These galleries are most charming in design, even if rather lugubrious in decoration. The columns are surrounded with little figures, who, taken all together, represent the familiar mediaeval "Dance of Death". The figures were mutilated by the Huguenots. One wonders why. Did these iconoclasts think they could break the power of Death?

The Garth, despite its melancholy carvings, has been full of young life. In 1659 poor boys and girls were educated there; and it is now (after various changes) again a Girls' School. Happy children play and dance about the columns of the "Dance of Death"; and the moralist and philosopher may make very true and beautiful reflexions as they pass meditatively through the ancient burial-yard where now "little footsteps lightly print the ground".

Need one say that the doors of Rouen churches are beset with beggars? There are many traits for which I like the French people, but for one in particular. You will see a row of people ahead of you, rich and poor, all contributing to the greasy cap of some most transparent old humbug, whose evil breath as you pass gives away the immediate destination of the charitable coppers, and who, indeed, should be arrested (according to the *Punch* joke) "for fragrancy". I pass by with my stiff

English disapproval and thoughts of Charity Organization Societies, and feel a worm.

Jumièges is a ruin; St-Georges of Boscherville, near Rouen, and the two great abbeys of Caen, survive to tell us what a great Romanesque church was like in the day of its completion.

It is of the late eleventh or early twelfth century. It was probably about the date of the Conqueror's invasion of England that the abbey was founded by Raoul de Tancarville. The abbey's history is practically that of Jumièges, the same external causes bringing first prosperity, then gradual decadence, with a reformation (on the lines of St-Maur) in the seventeenth century. It was closed in 1790.

The west front is extremely simple, the gable and the greater part of the towers are actually bare, broken only by loopholes. The little spires (of the twelfth century) seem quite a bold addition. The capitals of the main door columns deserve careful study.

The central tower, with a wooden spire, is very dignified, as we might expect. There is a large apse, as at Caen, St-Nicholas, with which there are other points of contact. The nave has eight arches on either side, on cruciform pillars. There are many strange capitals; monsters devouring men; a man fighting monsters, which suggest "Gargeuils" or "Tarasques", and no doubt do represent a real stage in the clearing of the country near a large river for peaceful habitation. One capital rather seems to suggest the story of Prometheus.

Each transept has a minor apse as in some English cathedrals.

There are still some of the furniture and decorations of the church left; a fresco in the right transept, a remarkable confessional (Louis XIV) with beautiful, but rather inappropriate, carvings, thirteenth-century piscinas, and a fine marble tomb of Antoine Le Roux.

The chapter house is entered from the north transept, and is, of its time, unique, being a fine example of twelfth-century ogival building. It is odd that Dr. Dearmer, usually so enthusiastic on architectural treasures, is here rather cool.

The doorway is highly ornamented. Statuettes, sadly weathered, act as supports to the arcades; one can just make out St Benedict, Death, and Happy Life.

The capitals of the interior are naturally in rather better order. There is the usual strange mediaeval mixture; scenes from the Scriptures, satires of womenkind, grotesques (a dog biting its own tail), and so on. Fragments from the cloister will be found at Rouen; these we have alluded to in the proper place. A "jongleresse" is the central figure of one of these fragments.

CHAPTER VIII

ELBEUF TO MANTES AND PARIS

AT Oissel the Rouen lines to Paris and to Honfleur by Pont-Audemer meet.

Oissel has a nice front along the Seine, and the church has a fine spire. It is spoilt by two ugly bridges—or, indeed, four, since there is an island at this point. Just below are white cliffs as at the Andelys, and there are pretty corners and odd, inconsequent bits of the Seine here and there.

Across the river is Orival—a prettily grouped village, on the river banks, with some good black-and-white houses, red-tiled.

At Pont-de-l'Arche you will stop to see a very glorious church with wonderful windows; note especially some excellent yellows, and one showing a good view of the little town as it was once, when the old "arched bridge", of which you can see fragments, as also the walls and towers, good portions of which survive. The inhabitants, in gay array, are hauling a ship along. I did not wander quite so much as I desired about the church, as there was a Catechism class going on, and though I wear rubber soles when sightseeing, to avoid clatter, the sight of a strange creature was rather

overpowering to the little maidens who were saying their " bit ". I was glad to find that the subject was " Réparation ". One smug little girl, as usual, reeled off everything without error. Another had a curious habit of reciting her answer in monotone, save for the last clause, which she threw into a higher pitch. When the good priest corrected her, she " took off " on the pitch of her last clause, and so on. As she made several mistakes, jumbling different answers, her voice got higher and higher and at length finished in a shriek.

Besides the windows, there is a beautiful Nativity relief on the south side, with an ox and an unknown creature looking on; the creature is evidently meant to be an ass, but is no more an ass than the present writer.

It was at Elbeuf that I made my customary " plunge ". There is nothing so comfortable, especially abroad, as a David Copperfield system of finance. We remember that when, from economy, he had not spent a sum of money, he regarded it as saved, and therefore spent it shortly afterwards in some extravagance.

This method suits me admirably—I am not sure about my banker—and works well. I will reveal my secret, as a great Cambridge mathematical coach used to reveal his, so that purchasers of this work may know they have got their money's worth already. " Gentlemen," this great man was wont to say to each new batch of would-be Senior Wranglers, " I charge heavily for this course, and

what I say may be above the heads of some of you, so I give you your value at once in one piece of advice—the *moment* you get engaged, stipulate that you may smoke any tobacco in any part of the house. Of course, you won't do it, but it is a good point made." Here, then, is my secret; arrange the length of your holiday. Tell everybody the exact day of your return, but *a day later than you really mean to come.* Then, on the journey, you suddenly decide to come home a day earlier. It only means a line on one of your picture post cards, and so costs you nothing; but you acquire much merit both for your frugal mind and for your stern British devotion to duty. Then you have at least a day's expenses to play with, and, despite the fallen franc, that is the day you would have given to certain lavish entertainments at the Brasserie Universelle. So you buy your treasure, and hug it the more because it has cost you rather less than nothing.

My treasure was an old printed bed-curtain, with scenes from the life of a saint. Most charming are two companion pictures, one of the saint volunteering for the galleys, to free a poor captive for the comfort of his weeping family; the other shows the holy man compassing a successful escape, his radiant features suffused with a singularly earthly and human joy; "secret laughter" evidently "tickled all his soul".

What treasures have I thus bought gratis! Bohemian braces and bodices, little Nativity figures

from the Rhône valley, quaint old watches, and a delightful little sampler " Fait par Chérie Marcadié 1833 " ; to say nothing of Elzevirs, Aldines, Plantins ! And each time I look on them I feel more smug and virtuous. Reader, do the like.

But stay : I had omitted to add, since all the time you know that you will return on your next holiday also a day ahead of scheduled time, well—if anything further should seem peculiarly desirable—why not ?

Elbeuf is not, as the books say, completely modernized. As long as it retains its glorious churches and their windows, it will be—despite its industrial developments—a place to visit. Besides, it is not uninteresting as an industrial centre. Its port on the Seine is generally busy. Wool has to come in from Australia, or from La Plata, and Elbeuf has a good variety of manufactures, all needing raw materials.

The weaving used to be done in the villages by handlooms, and there are several villages about with a rather dejected and deserted air. Let us hope that with electricity we may be able again to use the villages, at least for minor products, and so keep the people in the country.

The Church of St-Stephen is comparatively late (Flamboyant), and is chiefly remarkable, as a building, for its very lofty choir. But with a great blaze of glory about, one has hardly time to observe the architecture. Rightly do the guide-books break out into ecstatic asterisks. There is a magnificent St

Hubert window, a Life of St Sebastian, Lives of other Saints, the curious History of St John the Baptist's Head, and a completely wonderful Crucifixion. The groundwork is blue, and a deep and glorious blue. The northern aisle is chiefly given to the history or legends of the Virgin. There is a splendid Tree of Jesse. Fine windows of St Barbe, St Maurile, and Ste Catherine are obscured by a statue of Ste Jeanne d'Arc. Altogether a most wonderful collection of the very best sixteenth-century windows.

One should not forget to notice the fine organ gallery (from a destroyed church at Rouen) and the font, of Herculaneum marble, brought by the discoverer of Herculaneum, a Duke of Elbeuf.

The Church of St-Jean has also good sixteenth-century windows, but it is best to see them before those of St-Stephen. The Jesse window is particularly excellent, and three windows have glass from some earlier church. Among curious windows of later date are some depicting the Sacraments and Orders, among which is a very pleasing Confirmation window, and another, rather stiff, but still attractive, of a First Communion.

St-Pierre-de-Vauvray, where one changes train for the Andelys, has, among other things, a bridge, a portentous bridge of cement. Many celebrated people joined in its inauguration, and dared to have their names inscribed on a memorial tablet.

In sober truth they should have all been sewn with a monkey (a little cruel, no doubt, to the

monkey) into a sack, and dropped into the Seine for parricide of the beauties of their country.

No one will visit the Seine without a visit to the Andelys. You stay, of course, on the river at Little Andely; sweet, peaceful spot, with its beautiful church, its island, its streams of passing barges, its glorious castle. When you have walked the charming neighbourhood, visited Great Andely, and roamed about and studied the castle, you have nothing to do but wander gently and be at charity with all the world.

The passing barges are always a joy. Seine towage ("remorquage", not "touage", which is quite another thing) is interesting, not only for the barges themselves and their merchandise, but by reason of the variety of length of tow-rope, for which there must be some subtle reason. Often the first barge is almost bumping into the little tug; two or three more are also close hauled up, then comes a long gap, and then the end barge. Perhaps this has to do with the steering idiosyncrasies of particular barges. Perhaps the short lines are so fixed that friendly bargees may exchange, on the voyage, their little politenesses, while doubtful bargees are relegated to Coventry by a liberal allowance of rope. Anyhow, most barge-chains are different in their intervals, each from other.

My morning walk at Little Andely was to the moored barge *Yvonne*, to see if the *Yvonne's* brown baby, which by day was allowed to play with its wooden horse on the river bank, had been drowned

or not in the night. If one did not see the little monkey, one would look towards the barge cabin-companion, and if a minute pair of sabots was neatly set together on the deck, one would know that the *Yvonne's* baby was safely ensconced within. This was always a useful visit, as one could tell what the weather for the day would be ; if it were likely to rain, the absurd sabots would lie soles upward.

Little Andely is a pleasing place at which to lie awake of a night. One hears soft and distant sounds. The swish of a barge (for these intrepid navigators on the Seine fear not Cimmerian darkness), the plop of a fat Seine trout (I had located him in the daytime), a different plop, that spoke of some water-rat, tired of feeding by the village drain, every kind of owl, and a duel (such as Virgil and Theocritus tell us of) of a corncrake and either a nightingale or some delicate night-warbling pipit.

Drains at Little Andely are rather obvious, and in the summer heat become painfully so. It is, however, some comfort to know that they have drains at all. Some kindly holiday-making Frenchmen (exact and proper, as they generally are, when really "off the chain", as to their upper garments, but bursting out, in mere friskiness and "joie de vivre", into the oddest and weirdest sporting trousers) sent me at lunch a dish of fish which I knew had been caught just at the outflow of the hotel drain. It was an effort, but politeness won, and at least I did not die of it.

Of the castle I recommend a thorough study, and the best way to do it is (with a plan) to begin as far out as possible, with the investing trenches of Philippe Auguste and then work inwards, from the outer defence trenches of the castle, till you get right into the keep. My own pretty comprehensive study was rather hindered by the presence of a friendly dog which persisted in hunting in the coppices, and caused me therefore, from fear of reprisals on the part of gamekeepers, to withdraw as soon as possible from the outer trenches on the hill-side. These are most admirably planned, and I will shortly describe them. On the way back there was an excellent dog-fight with two animals, who seemed attached to the castle itself; my (adopted) dog, being a fine English setter, won handsomely. In the village he stopped at a quite low public-house and I saw him no more.

If the "Scornful Castle" at Little Andely [1] was built in a year (Richard I called it "Ma fille d'un an") it was good work even for those days when people did not lay each stone as if it were the foundation-stone. It probably took at least two years (1196 to 1198). Its hastening was, perhaps, due not only to the military situation, but also to the fact that Richard began both the Château de l'Île and the Château de la Roche (the original name of Château Gaillard) while the land still belonged to the Archbishop of Rouen. Richard evidently felt

[1] On the castle, and the Andelys generally, see the excellent study by L. Coutil, Caen, 1924.

CHATEAU GAILLARD

that possession would be nine points of the law. Not that they exactly troubled about the law in those days. When a five years' truce was broken, there was some discussion who had broken it, but neither party paid the agreed penalty. Richard had no opportunity of defending his castle, which he was ready to defend, "even if its walls had been of butter". John Lackland, with the cruel murder of Arthur of Brittany at Rouen on his mind (one can hardly say conscience), put up a fairly good fight, thanks largely to the energy of the Constable of Chester, who was Keeper of the Castle. There is a gruesome story of the non-combatant peasants, thrust out by the Constable, but not passed through his lines by Philippe Auguste; thus they were battledored to and fro in the snow between the castle and the trenches, with sufferings beyond any description.

Strange it is that Richard himself was responsible for the fall of his castle. Perhaps he built it too hastily or too confidently. At any rate, he had made a bridge in the solid rock on the east side. Moreover, certain windows on the south-west had been cut too low, and were accessible without any great effort on the part of the besiegers, who burned faggots either as a smoke-screen or to drive the besieged back with the fumes (acting as a sort of tear-gas). By both of these means the French broke in; across the bridge (which the Constable ought to have cut away somehow) they advanced a ram and battered the door.

So the English took to the inner enclosure, whence, strangely enough, there was no underground way to the Seine, and even had there been, Philippe had strongly invested all approaches. The passage leading to the Seine opened from the moat just outside the keep. John, more Lack-land than before, ran off to England, dismantling the castles of Pont-de-l'Arche, Moulineau (the so-called Castle of Robert the Devil), and Montfort-sur-Risle. France was well rid of him. Her gain was our loss.

I pass over the dreadful story of Marguerite de Bourgogne, except to say that she was not strangled with her own hair, like Browning's Porphyria, since the punishment of adultery always began with a shearing of the hair, which was still thought, in those unenlightened days, the chief glory of a woman.[1]

A link with Scotland is the residence, during seven years, of David Bruce and Jeanne, Edward III's sister. But the castle was really at its best in a siege. When the English in 1417 tried to take the castle they had once defended, it resisted nearly a year and a half. When England lost it in 1449, she lost also all Normandy, and a very good thing too, for reasons given in the first chapter. But what a waste of men, material, money, all those French wars were!

[1] On this, as on many points of antiquarian interest, see Peacock's dissertation (in *Gryll Grange*) on "Venus Calva". See also Menander's *Girl with the Bobbed Hair* ("Perikeiromene") to which Peacock refers.

In 1599 the castle was given, for demolition, to Charles de Bourbon.

As Jumièges is one of the finest possible ruins of an abbey, so the Château Gaillard is one of the finest possible ruins of a castle. It matters not which aspect you have of it, whether you are below or among the ruins themselves, it is always quite glorious. One of the best general views is from different angles after crossing the river by the ugly suspension bridge, whereby also hangs a tale. The earlier bridge was blown up by the French in 1870; but the Germans threw two bridges of boats over the river, and the Andelys were held by them till three months after the Armistice.

The Church of Little Andely (more correctly, Newer Andely, as Great Andely is Old Andely) has similarities to the church of Great Andely and also to the Cathedral of Rouen, where Jean d'Andely was "maître de l'œuvre". It is a singularly beautiful and perfect work, a Greek cross, with a charming wooden porch. The arcade of the deambulatory is rather odd, but that is because it had to be built as a kind of buttress, lest the church should slip in the floods, of which the worst in recent years was that of 1910.

Little Andely is quite delightful and charming; Great Andely, which is inland, lying in its valley, is compensated by a greater richness in "historic monuments". Its church is of great antiquity, but has been much rebuilt, and its north side and door is a remarkable example of Renaissance work,

quite incongruous, but, of its kind, extremely fine. The front is Gothic. It has a wonderful set of Renaissance windows, some of which are *very* Renaissance, almost bizarre. But they are wholly redeemed by the extreme grace of the female figures, worthy (some of them) of the best French Art. One of the best single figures is, appropriately, that of Ste Clothilde. The colourings are most rich. Few modern artists would have dared so highly coloured and so monstrous a Devil as appears in the "Legend of Theophilus", which explains itself. There are two pictures by Quentin Varin, a teacher of Poussin, and one, perhaps, by Stella, Poussin's pupil. In the south tower is an "Entombment" in which, though the figures are uneven, Art and Realism are blended in an unusual harmony. In the figures of the Holy Women feeling is expressed with great boldness and yet great delicacy, so that there is sentiment without sentimentality. This group (from the Chartreuse near Gaillon) appears to me worthy of standing beside anything of the great Renaissance Masters. It is really remarkable how far superior both in this group and in the windows the women's figures are to the men's. Gracious femininity—without a trace of weakness—is the mark of the adornments of Great Andely's church. One striking exception, perhaps, is the Virgin who is going to save Theophilus, despite both the sealed bond which the very unconscionable Devil flaunts, and the bonds of poor Theophilus which he so stoutly grasps. The figure of Theo-

philus, on the other hand, by exception, seems to have the grace which his rescuer lacks.

There are many treasures in the church, wooden statues, a wonderful carved organ gallery, other fine carvings—the misericords of the choir are especially good—tabernacles, an altar, also from the Chartreuse, a fifteenth-century holy-water bowl and an Eastern candlestick. The so-called model of Château Gaillard is the base of a statue of St Christopher. Altogether it is a church in which we should spend much time and to which we should give very careful study.

There was a fine sixteenth-century manor-house near the church. It was demolished in 1820, and is said to have been rebuilt at Highcliff, in Hampshire. The same story is told of the Cloister of Jumièges, which a mysterious nightly barge is said to have carried off, stone by precious stone, also to build Highcliff. Did Lord Stewart of Rothesay, to whom tradition points as the purchaser, carry off both manor and cloister? Or has he become merely a traditional embodiment of the "anglais rapace"?

Opposite the north Renaissance door is the Chapel of Ste-Clothilde, rebuilt in the seventeenth century, over some very old foundations which, taken in conjunction with the Sanxay temple and the Poitiers baptistery, suggest to me an ancient temple (perhaps of Adonis) converted first into a baptistery, and then into a chapel. The baptistery would have been built in the fifth or sixth century, and possibly by Ste Clothilde herself.

We must not omit mention of the Fountain of Ste Clothilde, under a famous old lime-tree, nor of the sixteenth-century "Hôtel du Grand Cerf" with its famous carved chimney-place and interior bow, filling with its carved panelling the corner of a charming room.

Before the Hôtel de Ville, built on the site of Thomas Corneille's house, in which is a good Poussin picture, is a seated statue of Poussin himself, born at Villiers, two miles away.

The Archbishops of Rouen became possessors of the Castle of Gaillon, and Georges d'Amboise, the famous cardinal and for some time the famous "factotum" of Louis XII, built a great palace on the site. The inner façade and two galleries have been preserved at the École des Beaux Arts at Paris; the chapel stalls at St-Denys; a St George, by Michael Colombe, is in the Louvre. Various kings and great personages stayed there; Henry III and IV, Louis XIII and XIV, Catherine and Marie de Médicis, Mazarin.

The stones of Château Gaillard were given to Charles de Bourbon in 1599, as already stated, to build his Charterhouse and his castle at Gaillon. There was a fortress at Gaillon from Roman times. Richard Cœur de Lion was wounded under its walls. It was Philippe Auguste's rather distant base for his operations against Château Gaillard. I suggest that the name Gaillard was a jocular set-off against that of Gaillon. Rebuilt (rather barrack-like) in 1812, it belongs now to the French War Office.

Near Gaillon is the old chapel of Port-Mort, or Châteauneuf, where Louis VIII and Blanche of Castille were married; there are remains of the Chartreuse near Gaillon, the old mills by the Bethlehem oratory, and the Keep of Boutavant (it looks like another jesting nickname), which was an outpost of the two Andely castles.

Unless I am unobservant, the first Seine lock is just above Vernon, a pleasing and quite historic little town.

Let us get over the history first. Some people take the origin of Vernon back to the days of Pepin. We are on safer ground with Rollo the Conqueror, who is said to have been the first Lord of the Manor of Vernon; certainly the site of Vernon would attract any invader, not so much for strategic purposes as for a pleasant river-side residence; yet the presence of the island would give strategic value also.

Among other Dukes, Vernon belonged at one time to Robert the Devil, the romantic figure who outlived, but did not throw off, his lurid nickname.

Then come we English. Henry I of England is Lord of Vernon in 1123 and builds the castle, of which there remains the keep, called the Muniment Tower (Tour des Archives). Then comes trouble —all thanks to the assassination of John the Fearless, of Burgundy, at Montereau in 1419. A truce, very permanent on paper, between Philippe Auguste and Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, proved only a scrap of paper, and was duly torn asunder

as such. No one, however, paid the heavy fine prescribed for the breaker of the truce. Each, no doubt, accused the other ; and Richard of England, truly lion-hearted in the field, was also thoroughly lion-hearted in the guarding of his usually empty treasury. After some years of warfare the quarrellers were brought together on the river-bank between Vernon and Petit Andely : the French King on horseback, ready to gallop off, the Lion-heart in his barge, ready to row away. They patched up a new "sort of treaty", and Louis, son of Philip, married Blanche of Castile, Richard's niece, at Châteauneuf, near Port-Mort ; almost the only place, indeed, then available for the wedding. Blanche is commemorated at Moulineau by the window she gave to the church.

It was Louis IX, St Louis, who is said to have added the watercress to the town's arms, having been refreshed by cress offered him at lunch (a custom which still holds). The hospital dates from St Louis—indeed earlier, since he reconstructed and almost refounded it. His statue rightly stands there ; for he is said not only to have given liberally to the work, but to have tended the sick himself. The Chapel of St Louis is well worth visiting : and its sculpture is beautiful. A hospice—almshouse and orphanage—was added by the Duchess of Nemours, in 1724. Vernon is well dowered, therefore, with centres of active charity. Not far off is the Convent of "Nuns of the Child Jesus in the Temple", a nursing hostel whence the sisters

VERNON

go out to private cases (a rather salutary reminder that a large number of " orders " are " secular "—that is, they go out into the world returning to their convent after completion of the work in hand).

It is perhaps tedious to follow the chequered history of Vernon, which was evidently regarded with great respect during the English wars. Edward III burnt its outer quarters ; English, with supporters of Charles the Bad of Navarre, sacked and looted it ; in 1449 the English yielded it up (being, indeed, unable to hold it) and it was given to Dunois. Jeanne d'Arc saved Vernon, as she saved many towns, from further English sackings and pillagings. It is comforting to know that when she " passed in flame " she had done, well and truly, her work, even with such a broken reed to lean on as the shifty Charles VII.

Alas ! poor Vernon. Her troubles were not over. Just before the Revolution she was prosperous, well built, peaceful. She had her moats, walls, gates, a royal abbey, a commandery of the Knights of Malta, convents both within her walls and near by at Bizy and Vernonnet. We are all grateful to the Revolution for sparing us at least the church, the hospital, the tower, and the charming " Turrets " of Vernonnet. But oh, to think of what was wantonly ruined ! We English may feel easier about our sackings and lootings. Vernon's worst wounds were from her " friends ".

But not yet was Vernon at peace. The Prussian invaders found the heights of Vernonnet useful,

and bombarded the town ; there were close combats ; a memorial of one of the fiercest will be seen in the Avenue de l'Ardèche, and an inscription in the forest itself marks the spot where brave men fell in defence of their native soil. In the Great War, Vernon had cause to fear a second Prussian visitation ; but her sons fell far from home.

To-day, Vernon is a centre of agriculture and of fruit. Masculine tourists in April will at once be set down as fruit-buyers ; apparently one buys the fruit in the bud, which, in this country at least, would be very much a pig in a poke.

Henry I's Tower is worth a visit : the second story (the ground floor having probably been a prison) has a good chimney ; and from the top one gets a fine view of the very picturesque part of the river and its banks.

Not only is the church (Notre-Dame) beautiful, but unlike the churches of Pont-de-l'Arche, and to some extent Caudebec and Louviers, it can be looked at from its proper distance. The old architects built for the effect to be received from several yards away. The higher the building, the farther the open space necessary. We rarely get the right perspectives in these days, when buildings constantly run up to, and even into (as at Mantes), the church or cathedral. Here one can back right into the Hôtel de Ville, and then one gets, slightly at an angle, a very glorious grouping of most elegant and peaceful Flamboyance. Here again let us say that the ancient architect did not mean you to

take the standpoint, and which most tourists do take, straight opposite the middle point of the entrance. There you lose all your flying buttresses, and instead of the charming row of little pinnacles, or more substantial turrets, you only get the westernmost. The front of Notre-Dame is regular, but the very opposite of dull. The rose-window alone would redeem it, if redemption were needed. The craze for decapitation during the Revolution extended even to harmless stone, and the statues of the splendid doorway are mutilated. You would not suppose there was a central tower, from the west; but there is a beautiful thirteenth-century tower, and the apse, if a little unusual, is very beautiful too.

I advise fellow-wayfarers always to circumnavigate churches before entering them. The interior is, of course, conditioned by the outside.

The oldest part of the church is the lower range of the sanctuary; it is Romanesque (what we call Norman). In the high altar is a glove of St Thomas à Becket, from Gaillon. Relics of St Thomas are none too common. Few people, perhaps, know that he lies buried at Marsala, his dust having been snatched from the sacrilege of tomb-breakers, despatched to the Holy Land, and wrecked on the way. There are beautiful windows in the chapels. In the Baptistery is a picture of St Adjutor throwing his chains into the Seine; whereby he caused safety to reign where previously there had been grave dangers to those crossing the river. This

saint is a true Vernonese, son of Jean of Normandy and Rosamund de Blaru. The church has some magnificent Flemish tapestries.

Vernonnet, across the river, is charming to look upon by reason of the remains of the old bridge, the mill, and the Turrets, which form a very pleasing group. The Turrets, which are private property, are the remains of another castle built by our Henry I, and destroyed at the same date. They were the scene of a great riot in the Revolution, when a corn merchant of Vernonnet was twice hanged, but escaped with—at least—his life, thanks to the inferiority of the local rope.

Round about Vernonnet are forests full of pleasant walks. The Castle of Bizy cannot be visited, but the Forest of Bizy is there to wander in; and one can visit Les Valmeux, or the Tomb of St Mauxe, which is a cenotaph commemorating a miracle; a naughty man stole some of St Mauxe's bones, and was escaping towards Vernon, when he became "all of a tremble", and the relic which he had stolen began to agitate itself visibly in the bag where it was concealed. He confessed his crime and gave the relic to the Chapter of Vernon. Or you may go through the Vernon Forest by the "Path of Justice"—"a rough path," say the guide-books. You will find, by turning to the left at the Keeper's Cottage, the "Oak of the Mother of God", where is her statue.

The so-called "Castle of the Magdalene" looks over the Seine. The relics of St Adjutor are in

the chapel there; he is said to have dwelt in a hermitage near by.

If you wish to go farther, there are Gisors, the beautiful valleys of Epte, Eure, and Audelle, and, on the Seine itself, La Roche-Guyon with its fine and romantic castle.

A delightful account of Vernon will be found in *Pierre Nozière's Travels in France*, by Anatole France. He calls it "The Little Town", and though he recounts, as any writer on Vernon must, the simple stories of the place—such as that of St Adjutor and the Seine rapids (the saint came back to life to perform this miracle, having died dramatically, on his return from the East, before his too incredulous mother had speech with him), of the Maréchal de Belle-Isle (hero of the retreat from Prague), and of the death of the brave Captain Rouveure and the light troops of the Ardeche in 1870—yet he invests this all with a colour and glow which must be the despair of meaner writers. Clearly he loved the "little town", with its brave motto "Vernon semper viret", and its green watercresses to witness the truth thereof. He gives a different account from the traditional of these armorial cresses.

Rolleboise stands delightfully below, and upon the terraces of, its cliff, in a pleasant bend of the river. Just above it come the woods and castle of Rosny, built by Sully on the site of an older castle which the English had destroyed. The present castle looks a little too regular and too flat, but

we only see part of the castle that was to have been, had not Sully's master been assassinated by Ravaillac. Sully lost interest, and lived quietly at Rosny, writing his memoirs.

The Duchesse de Berri did in a sense complete the Castle, but not wholly on Sully's plan. There are relics of the murdered Duke in the little chapel which backs on the river. It was the Duchess's ambition to set her son on the throne, but she won thereby only suffering and exile. Sully was wiser in retiring from the strife and ambitions of political life, and Rosny is certainly a place in which to live them down.

The Castle is not "visitable" when the family is in residence. It has many treasures and many tangible reminders of the Duchess.

Mantes is a highly proper and respectable little cathedral city—I say little because its expansion is outside its own precincts, and therefore Mantes does not seem, at least, to have suffered from commercialism.

The guide published by the Syndicat d'Initiative of Mantes says that, while "sportsmen" may "roll" there without dust, antiquarians may find there ample documentation! Having at the moment nothing to roll in, but being something of an antiquarian and rather fond of dust—at least of the dust of ages—I made every endeavour to find the documentation. But considerable searches in very grubby second-hand book-shops produced no work of value on the City Beautiful. Often one

can find old pamphlets and brochures by the local Pickwick Club. Still, I started fair with one fact about Mantes, which is already shared, no doubt, by my readers—whom nevertheless I ask to own up quietly to themselves, if they do not know it, before they read farther.

William the Conqueror burnt it in 1087. For his reasons see the little historical account of Rouen. While riding, probably in brutal triumph —some say he was brutally drunk—among the ashes, he pushed his horse over a red-hot patch, was thrown, and carried to Rouen. He lived long enough to make some reparation by leaving a sum of money to rebuild the Cathedral, in whose ruins, it may be, he met his death.

It was the new Mantes which received the proud title of " Beautiful Mantes ", and beautiful it must indeed have been. The Cathedral was rebuilt by Blanche of Castile ; and rightly we find a very fine portrait of her in one of the windows. The city has been comparatively free from history since her time. Charles V captured it in 1364, thanks to Duguesclin's plan of clothing his army to resemble vine-dressers, a military device of a rather hoary type. Henry IV captured it after Ivry ; and silk factories were begun at " Magnanville " or " Silk-wormtown ". Mantes is still a beautiful city when viewed from the right aspects. The modern buildings, such as the Post Office, where I spent a happy and profitable morning, are, outwardly at least, painful in the extreme.

The Hôtel de Ville contains part of the old Royal Auditory—a very attractive old building with a charming Renaissance fountain outside. In the court of the Hôtel de Ville are Jewish tombstones, and also a stone in memory of Jean Patite de Poivre Dragon, who must have been what is called a "hot customer"!

The Cathedral, outside, is simply Notre-Dame de Paris on a smaller scale. We have seen affinities with its magnificent doors also at Rouen. Its height from floor to roof bosses is a hundred feet. The choir pillars are beautifully slender—dangerously so, one might think. Triforium and clerestory are delicate and pleasing. There is a beautiful "Chapelle de Navarre" adjoining the choir.

In the Cathedral is a font apparently on Sir Isaac Newton's principle of the big opening for the cat and the little one for the kitten. One side, or rather three-quarters of the circle, seems reserved for immersing the whole baby, and the remaining segment for baptism in the more usual Western way.

A gloom was cast over me one morning by observing preparations for a large funeral—at least so it appeared from the dusky colours of the horses. I kept clear, therefore, that morning, of the Cathedral, which I supposed to be draped in sorrowful black velvet. But I was wrong. The fact was that horses belong still, in Mantes, to the correct performance of any ceremony, and that, though

funereal-coloured horses alone seemed to be available, it was actually a smart wedding. True, there was one white horse, but it was peculiarly decrepit, and I supposed it to be merely dragged in to make up the full tale. In reality it was meant to be the central figure. Studying the exterior of the Cathedral, I caught unmistakable sounds of *Lohengrin* (very finely played on a good organ), and so ventured in, to catch a glimpse of a distant, and, beneath that lofty chancel, very tiny bride, chiefly train, which made her look like a little white butterfly just about to take wing. Being, however, a good French girl, one knew that—her beautiful wedding finery once laid in cedar—she would settle to the serious work of her "ménage" and be spoken of in the city gates for her "vol-au-vent" and omelets, ready to cook herself red in the face that "mon mari" might be well fortified for the pursuit of his job in life. Here may I add that in that graceful picture in the Louvre, "The Angels' Cookery", we learn that celestial cooking is done not with our wasteful English appliances, but with the marmites and casseroles of the Latin races.

At Mantes I packed off home a large parcel of books—and though I do this frequently in France, it is always a pleasant pastime for a long wet morning. I had, of course, done everything—tied the very string—in such a way as to strike at the roots of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, whether separately or in the lump. When I had really got the parcel uncommonly nearly right, and took it in

triumph to the lady of the guichet, she majestically waved a hand and told me that Guichet No. 3 had now come on duty, so that I never made good at all with lady No. 1, while the new lady had some quite odd and unusual views about knots, so that I had to set to work again. Yet they were pleasant task-mistresses, and there is a sort of joy (when you get beyond a certain age) in being treated like a naughty little boy. The main thing is that the books got home before me.

The Musée Duhamel is perhaps rather overstocked with mere travel bibelots, but there is a considerable residuum of really good things. I was chiefly "intrigued" by an enamel of Diane de Poitiers, which, if it be at all correct,[1] throws a new light on her particular style of beauty. Her nose runs down perfectly straight from the bulge of the forehead; no little valley between as common people have. She would therefore be conspicuous anywhere, and her look of lofty scorn, which follows from the straight nose-line, has something exotic, but certainly very striking, about it.

For those who want to wander from Mantes I may say (what the guide-books do not appear to say) that motor-buses run thence to Montchauvet and Longnes, Fontenay and Vétheuil, Arthies and Magny. I cannot see any reason why one should go to any of these places. Magny-en-Vexin has two hotels beside its fifteenth-century church.

[1] An artist friend tells me that this is the regular type of portraits of Diane which have any historical value.

MANTES LA JOLIE

But I advise all travellers to note down carefully all motor-bus routes, and to collect all printed matter about them. They are often useful, and sometimes one's life—at least one's dinner—depends upon accurate knowledge of their probable movements.

Before leaving Mantes, Paris-ward, wayfarers will be wise if they make the short journey to Gassicourt to see a very fine church of eleventh-century origin and some fine glass, said to have been the gift of Blanche of Castile, who may perhaps be portrayed by the strange thirteenth-century wooden statue, in which case the child will be St Louis.

Another short journey from Mantes, or rather from Limay, which lies opposite, is to the Hermitage Chapel and ruined Calvary of St-Sauveur. The view of the river alone will repay the climb.

Standing back from the left bank, and looking down on the junction of the Mauldre valley with the Seine valley, is Epône—an old settlement with a Romanesque tower to its church. The name would suggest a horsey character of the early Gaulish and Roman township, since Epona was the Roman patron-goddess of horses and—we may be glad to learn—asses. It was possibly, therefore, a breeding-centre.

There is high land about Juziers, which is built on the slopes; but the first halting-point will naturally be Meulan, which Sir Edward Thorpe, on the look-out for analogies, calls the Maidenhead-and-Bourne-End of the Seine. It has fine fifteenth-

century bridges, and it is indeed a happiness to possess in them and in the bridge of Poissy three good specimens of old bridge architecture.

Here we are on "The River" in the sense in which we speak of the pleasure stretches of the Thames. The Frenchman is fonder of sitting in a punt (with a rod) than propelling either it or other kinds of boat, and one misses, therefore, the more strenuous side of boating; but he makes up by his zeal in sailing, and the quite splendid regatta course is worked hard in the season.

Meulan is an ancient town transformed into a charming river-side summer quarters. The bridges meet in the island, the northern end of the long, narrow stretch of land that parts the stream as far as Juziers. On the Île Notre-Dame is the remains of a castle with memories of du Guesclin.

Triel lies at the eastern end of the Meulan reach, at the foot of the wooded slopes which are pleasantly occupied by Chanteloup.

At Médan, on the left bank, Zola lived and worked. Here again we have a chain of islands running round the bend almost to Poissy.

If Epona was the "horsey" place of the Romans, Poissy was almost certainly the "fishy" place; for once in a way an obvious derivation seems to be the right one. Not at present a very pleasing town, off the river, it has its charm both in its river-front, its unlimited opportunities of putting away time with a mooring-stake at one end and a worm at the other, and in the memory of its past

splendours, of which its church is one survivor. In its castle Blanche of Castile (whose marriage at Port-Mort we have already noted) became mother of St Louis, and in the church which looks on to the site of the vanished castle St Louis was baptized. A dilapidated font, which may be the font then in use, is shown. The two fine Romanesque towers are worthy of the church of a once royal town.

Poissy plays a large part in French history, especially during the English Wars. Why its loss and our final expulsion from France was a blessing in disguise has been suggested in the first chapter.

Here also the Conference of 1561, between Catholics and Huguenots, took place in the royal monastery, now represented by gateway and towers. The old bridge, one of the best still left in France, was possibly on the site of a Roman bridge. Such good Parisians as do not go to sail at Meulan in the summer go to fish at Poissy. Somehow there is room for all.

Meissonier lived some time at Poissy, and his statue stands in the place before the church.

Following the windings of the river, which just west of Paris twist more than ever, one arrives past Andresy at the meeting of the Oise and Seine, and standing a little back from the meeting-place (which is Conflans-fin-d'Oise) is Conflans-Ste-Honorine. Here there is a Romanesque keep, and also on the rising ground is the church, with the Chapel of Ste Honorine within it ; her shrine was

at Graville, but was brought inland during an early invasion of Northmen.

Within the horseshoe bend which the river makes from Poissy lies the Forest of St-Germain and in the middle, at Les Loges, where the August fair is held, is the Légion d'Honneur's Girls' School.

Maisons Laffitte is not the northern home of some claret (though the curious will have observed vines on the northern slopes of the bend) but has its name from the fine seventeenth-century château once inhabited by Louis-Philippe's banker, Laffitte ; it is now State property and has a museum with good tapestries and some pictures. Its chief literary association is with Voltaire, who nearly died here.

Readers of the *Bible in Spain* will remember how anxious George Borrow was to be put in a certain prison, in order that he might learn the " robber-language of Spain " ; how he got there and was glad to get out with his life. Those who want to learn the bargee language of France should take humble lodgings at Le Pecq, where, however, they can escape now and then to the purer air of the heights by a lift which has been thoughtfully provided.

Marly-le-Roi had a splendid castle of Louis XIV, of which now little remains. But above, on the hill, is his aqueduct, and at Port Marly was his " machine ", the work of a Dutch engineer, to raise water to the aqueduct which was to have carried it to Versailles. A more modern " machine " now lifts water to a reservoir.

A little east of the river, after its new northward bend, is La Malmaison, where is the château of Joséphine Buonaparte, whose bedroom is left or restored much as when she died there a little more than a year before Waterloo. From that battle Napoleon fled here. There are many relics of Joséphine and some of Napoleon ; there is also the room of Hortense de Beauharnais. The château was given to the State by the purchaser, M. Osiris. In the gardens is pointed out the avenue where Napoleon took farewell of his family before sailing for St-Helena.

The château has memories also of Queen Maria Christina of Spain, and was visited also by the Empress Eugénie, who presented to it some of Queen Hortense's furniture. The Empress Joséphine's tomb is at Reuil near by.

Bougival is a place of locks, and in summer was a place of boats ; but traffic is rapidly driving away pleasure, and we should err in calling Bougival the Boulter's of the Seine. The Argenteuil reach, however, is still a centre of small-boat sailing. Argenteuil is a very ancient place ; its seventh-century nunnery gave shelter to Héloïse. Its modern church claims to possess the Seamless Tunic, and there is a yearly festival when the relic is shown.

There are vines at Argenteuil, on which Baedeker, with a rare blend of Ollendorf and Gibbon, remarks : " The wine of Argenteuil is mediocre, but its asparagus is justly celebrated ". Photographers should not fail to " kodak " the statue of Daguerre, without

whom they would not be photographers, at Cormeil, a little west of Argenteuil.

We are now almost at St-Denis, and that is Paris. No account of the much-sacked Basilica will be attempted here. But its glazed triforium will prepare us for that of the Cathedral of Troyes. Like Argenteuil, St-Denis is a very old religious centre, since it won importance first from its seventh-century abbey. Here Abelard lived before going to the Paraclet. In the Basilica hung the Oriflamme, and here St Joan, victorious, hung up her armour.

At Neuilly, abode of artists (the " Chelsea " of the Seine), begins the Bois de Boulogne, running towards, but not into, the hairpin bend at Sèvres.

St-Cloud, as its name shows, is another ancient monastic settlement ; Cloud, or Chlodoald—the name is the same as the Greek Klutos or the Gaelic McLeod—founded its monastery in the sixth century. Of the château, scene of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise, and of other historic events, nothing remains, but the park with its waterfalls and fountains is well known to all who frequent Paris. Thence one looks down on Sèvres, and since most visitors to Paris will, if possible, visit the famous factory, I will spare them a moment's agony by telling them that when they knock down a seemingly priceless white vase and shiver it to fragments, it will prove, after due delay, to be an unbaked specimen.

Meudon is the Seine's Greenwich, its château being the National Observatory.

Just beyond Issy we are in the inner enceinte of Paris.

St-Germain-en-Laye deserves a special mention here, if only because of its close association with our exiled Royal family, the Stuarts.

But entirely apart from this unhappy family, about which we may all have our private enthusiasms or antipathies, this entire part of the Seine claims our special attention as a kind of Parisian Loire. Gone, indeed, are some of its castles. The old Castle of St-Germain remains (much renewed); the New Castle, which, like most things called New, was only relatively so, has almost entirely gone; a "Pavilion", an Oratory, and a "Grotto", are all that is left. As for the Castle of Marly, it has evaporated like the whisked-off castle of some irritated djinn. It was a different thing when all was standing, when kings could move their courts from one to the other, as they did even, absurd as it might seem, from the New Castle to the Old Castle of St-Germain. Presumably we are all builders at heart; but while much of ordinary humanity must content itself with hen-houses and pergolas, kings—especially such as oppressed their subjects with enormous taxation, and then showed a lavish zest for roping in the unemployed—could command a castle "right here". Of course, one understands perfectly the New Castle of St-Germain. The Old Castle was built on the foundations of the old fortress, and fortresses must be set where they will be most serviceable, not where they will command

the most picturesque view. When the need for the strong fort-like castle grew less, it was pleasant to have a different castle with a long river-frontage and terraces beautifully sloping to the bank. We are perhaps not sorry that the New Castle has gone. We are better off now with a terrace and a view of the very finest to be found. It is no use comparing Richmond, though James II did so and many people have copied him. One must go to Windsor for a truer parallel.

The Old Castle, retaining its St-Louis Chapel, is open to us all; and as St-Germain makes an admirable introduction to Paris, so the collections are one of the best introductions to the general history of France One must certainly see St-Germain before Cluny; but one rarely does.

Not here is the place for the full story of St-Germain, of the royalties who lived or stayed there (for they hardly lived anywhere), and of the little princes born or baptized there. In France, at least, we must remember that the country's history is not merely the story of her reigning houses—though, indeed, these houses, often sordid, are often brilliant and romantic.

Let us remember, however, that Louis XIV left St-Germain for the new Versailles, to the considerable annoyance and astonishment of people in general. At St-Germain he would hardly have found room, perhaps, for the enormous palace of his dreams. Excursions in the forest might have been interrupted by "certain people of importance"

come from Paris. The old fable that he did not like the look of St-Denis is now shown to be unlikely.[1]

Go, from whatever cause, he did, and that brought an end to the splendours of St-Germain.

Nothing could have fallen out, however, more aptly for our James II, who may, or may not, have deserved the good fortune of walking into a recently vacated castle and receiving ten thousand gold louis as a present.

The Stuarts seem at their best in time of pathos, and the pathos of the widowed queen losing also her faithful daughter, Mary Beatrice, and living on in the lonely palace, comes home to us all. Another daughter was now Queen in her stead!

George IV put up the inscription to James II (in the church), and we must forgive its apparently rather weak Latinity.

When we go, however, to St-Germain, we need not tell sad stories about the death of kings or in any way mope or be melancholy. No doubt we shall lunch in the Pavilion of Henry IV, walk the Terrace, and visit dutifully the Museum.

In the Pavilion is the former Oratory of Anne of Austria, and there the new-born Louis XIV was baptized. Beneath the Oratory there still survives one of the grottos, which, all said and done, must have been rather more akin to the amusements of our seaside resorts than to the decoration of a Royal palace. Their chief feature was an articulated

[1] See footnote in Paul Gruyer's capital study, *St-Germain-en-Laye*, p. 35.

statue or figure, worked not by slotted pence but by water ; and the most elaborate, no doubt, was the lady playing the organ, since, when the proper tap was turned, she not only moved about and let her fingers wander idly over the keys, but, what was much more, the organ played.

The Old Castle is heavy, but not without fine portions. Its entrance gate, over a bridge, is dignified. The reliefs, damaged at the Revolution, are now restored. Features of the Castle are the terraces, and especially the roof-terraces, on one of which there is a regular little bit of Chambord, with the bell-turret dominating all. The Chapel of St-Louis is a relic of the feudal castle and is peaceful and pleasing ; and there are some fine interiors in the Castle, now museum—especially the upper rooms, which are heavily groined to bear the roof-terraces.

Possibly it is the Castle itself, rather than the objects now placed in it, which will claim the visitor's attention ; but whoso would learn anything of French history must make a careful survey of the St-Germain treasures, especially of those which have to do with Alesia. The chapel is appropriately the Museum of Christian Art.

Speaking generally, the use of bricks gives the main rooms a pleasant appearance. The grand staircase itself is partly in brick. The Salle des Fêtes has its ancient chimney, and is a room worthy of many great occasions, such as the reception of Royalties (the "Little Queen of Scotland", for example—

little indeed, a mere infant), or the performance by Molière's troupe. Not in this hall but in what is now the Hall of Chiselled Stone the Austrian peace terms were received and signed in 1919. This Hall was originally the Dauphin's Guard-room.

The French are great collectors, and the nucleus of the St-Germain Museum was the collection of the well-known archæologist, Boucher de Perthes.

The arrangement of the collection is simple and wise. First comes " cut stone ", before the Metal Ages ; and then stone " cut and polished " ; these mark the two Stone Ages. There is a Druidical-room, an Alesia-room, a room of early Gaulish glass, a bronze-room. There is some good statuary, and some good reliefs, including casts, and there are terra-cottas (in white), and there is a complete Gaulish tomb ; there are beautiful ornaments in gold and other metals. The Alesia-room marks the beginning of the Roman Conquest and the Roman influence. The next period shows the Gauls learning from, and no doubt teaching, their conquerors. Here is where France really begins.

By way of comparison other antiquities (Cretan, for example) are also shown.

The Castle does not exhaust the possibilities of St-Germain. The Municipal Library has much of interest. A complete " St-Germain " museum does not appear to be in existence, but it would be interesting to have one.

There are some fine mansions ; chiefly that of the Noailles family.

But most visitors, if the day is fine, will spend a good deal of their time on the " finest promenade in Europe "—and what does that mean ?

Apart from the rather gloomy splendour of St-Germain's castle, and the extremely pleasing Renaissance Castle of Maisons—a veritable model, regular, but delightfully regular, and beautifully proportioned ; apart from the site (for that is all) of the Castle of Marly, with its great vista right down to the (still surviving) lake, there is another castle, that of Louveciennes, built originally for one of the makers of the Marly Machine, and given later on by Louis XV to Madame du Barry. It is the Pavilion, rather than the much-restored Castle, which most attracts us, being indeed a charming example of Greek architecture, adapted to form a single-floor building. It is near this Pavilion that the curious can see not only the wheels of the new " machine ", but the aqueduct which used to carry the waters lifted up by the old one. This aqueduct is not beautiful, though no doubt it gives an air of dignity and antiquity to the valley which it spans.

CHAPTER IX

THE PORT OF PARIS

PARIS plays a part in this work only in virtue of being on the Seine; and as its general glories are amply treated in many excellent works, it is only as the great river-port that we will here consider it.

Still, one has to get there, and familiar as Paris becomes, there is always some special interest in each visit. This time it hailed. We skidded more than usual, and at length fetched up against a motor-bus, nose to nose. Whether my driver sang all the way or not, as did Mr. E. V. Lucas's driver in the days of horse-cabs, I do not know. I suspect that all Paris drivers do still sing, if we could only hear them. Anyhow, he did a little bit of recitative now and then—most effective it was. Give me, every time, the Channel crossing rather than the crossing of Paris.

Then there is the Louvre. Most people just wander in the Louvre. I generally go there in hot pursuit of particular things, and this time, owing to incorrect information, some of the things of which I was in pursuit (antiquities from Lillebonne and elsewhere) obviously were not there. Those that were

there lay, and those that were not there would have lain, in the odd far corners of the immense building. Let me recommend for a wet or hailing day an hour or two of rapid point-to-point hunting in the Louvre ; only you must do a great part of your most rapid work on the ice-like polished upper floor, and you must (as I did) wear newly soled boots. It is a hectic nightmare. You become quite out of control ; and though there are what seem convenient marble pedestals and pillars to catch hold of every now and then, one has a horrible suspicion that some may be merely of cardboard—like the giant tins in tobacconists' windows—which should you clutch you would yourself form with it a horrid cataclysm, bringing down on top of you some unique and wholly priceless " object of bigotry or virtue ".

In my (not by any means unsuccessful, and not, as it happened, disastrous) raid, I got down below at intervals and landed up, as one does, at the dead end where reigns the Venus of Melos, where there ought to be an outlet, but isn't. I incurred terrible glances of scorn from adoring Venus-worshippers, as I circled wildly about her, plan in hand, just as if there were " no sich a person ".

Each visit to Paris brings its list of notes for next time. Here are some of mine. Do not forget that the French people retain the guillotine habit—in the doors of the metro carriages. Always go and watch " Grand Guignols ". The Spanish children are an easy first among the children of Europe, the French

are certainly second, for sheer "joie de vivre". Were points given for mere devilry, our own, of course, would stand very high. Ask your Parisian friends to lunch and dinner before they can possibly ask you to their own homes; that is, unless you can take lessons beforehand from one of those circus freaks who can expand at will a useful part of the human frame.

Always lose an umbrella (not necessarily one which someone else has lost previously, and certainly not one which you really want to lose) and go and get it back at the Lost Property Office.

Remember that the "sens interdit" streets are perfectly safe, as long as you do not think you are in one when you are not; also that the terrible squeal you sometimes hear is not the cry of some stout pedestrian in his agony but the brakes of the motor-bus which is just avoiding him.

And finally, reflect that while anything approaching to drunkenness is in itself abhorrent and reprehensible, and doubly so in all wine-drinking countries, just a slight soupçon of the rather reckless stage is really both permissible and almost advisable before calling your taxi to take you to or from your terminus. This last advice leads me naturally to discuss the Port of Paris.

This is not the place for statistics.[1] The main fact, which statistics can substantiate, is that Paris

[1] An expert study of the Port of Paris was published by Professor Colin (Dunod, 1920). Such a work needs, of course, constant bringing up to date; but for a student it is still of considerable value.

is the chief commercial port of France. Somewhere hidden inside Paris is a Marseilles, a Le Havre, a La Pallice, with plenty of room to spare. When the tourist, seized of this startling fact, sets off with his *Blue Guide* to have a look at the Port of Paris, he cannot find it. He observes chains of barges coming up-stream, or swinging perilously into the stream, ready to descend again to the sea ; he sees innumerable barges lying about, apparently casually, at rude quay-sides— half-naked men unloading them, or shovelling heaps from the quay into lorries, or rolling barrels (with as little idea of direction, so it seems, as Diogenes' tub-rolling), or carrying great sacks. There is movement and rest, clearance and congestion, and an odd mixture of the practical and the primitive. It is, indeed, the primitiveness of this great but scattered Port of Paris which probably strikes the tourist most. Smart modern motor-barges, the latest twentieth-century style, put in to their quay—and then they are dealt with in almost fifteenth-century fashion. Now and then comes a floating grain-lifter or crane ; sometimes there is one on the quay.[1] But the port operations strike the visitor as quite unworthy if picturesque, quite unsystematic if perhaps pleasantly varied.

There are the bridges. A little more water, and how are the barges, with their *Bees* or *Wasps*, ever to get through ? There are laundry-boats

[1] A fine crane (unless they have moved it) cuts the "chevet" of Notre-Dame with a Goya-like diagonal line, as seen from the quay. This touch of industrial Paris is necessary to a proper view of Notre-Dame.

and swimming-baths still (despite some removals) at what seem most awkward spots. Despite Napoleon's " Villette " cut, there is in the centre of Paris a very twisty part of the Seine to be swung round ; and as for turning-room, one would say there was none, but that the latest super-barges do, somehow, manage to sail seaward head on, and not " tête-à-queue ".

There is little direct barge-to-railway connexion. You cannot run wagons to the quay-sides. It might seem so convenient to shoot the cargoes down to an underground goods-train, but underground railways, near the river, have a sad way now and then of forming part of the river. There remain, therefore, the naked men and the lorries, and how all this immense mass gets transported over Paris, as it were, and dropped at the right factory, or at the right building centres, no man knows. The building centres are comparatively easy, since they may be comparatively near ; and—as far as one can see—any barge may lie at any quay for which it can make a reasonable excuse, though the quays are, of course, divided off to some extent for the reception of special kinds of merchandise.

Paris is always building furiously. All material has to come in. Paris burns coal furiously. It must all get there somehow. And Paris eats furiously, and drinks—if moderately, at least in quantities of which no respectable city need be ashamed. Owing perhaps to the congestion of Paris itself, there has to be a certain amount of

carrying to and fro, which seems rather unnecessary; Paris is building on top and burrowing below. But she cannot, it appears, transfer the excavated material straight to the builders. The rule is, in Paris, everything must, whatever its provenance, whatever its destination, whatever its nature, go at some time or other for a voyage on a barge.

It does not belong to the present work to go into detail, to summarize, or to suggest. But some things seem clear to the merest passer-by. First, it does not look, at least, as if there were a real central controlling authority. Then it does not seem that there is anyone to command the heaps on the quays to be moved on. The same heaps appear to linger there, " on and off, for days and days ". Then the apportionment of the floating appliance looks erratic. And (as already suggested) it certainly looks as if cargoes were sometimes carried a longer way than is necessary. From some points of view, therefore, the Port of Paris is still to be made. Moreover, unless traffic is to be too utterly congested, it looks as if the Port must do a great part of its loading and unloading early or late in the day —perhaps, in summer, most of the night through, as to get clearer streets for rapid distribution.

Enough, however, of these internal politics. We are concerned with the Seine from fount to finish, and it is at or about Paris that the great spider-web is thrown which links Seine and a great part of the remaining river-systems of France. From the east come the threads of Ourcq (by canal to St-Martin)

and Marne. Southward there are links with Loire, and, by the Yonne, the Saône and Rhône. Each brings, or takes, its special traffic, and though the spider-web analogy, with Paris greedily ready for the prey, has something to be said for it, it is fitter to regard Paris as the heart which receives and pulses out again the unceasing flow of France's life-energies. And yet again this is not the best analogy, since Paris absorbs much that is dull and even heavy, and exports or distributes not only a good quantity of the more solid things of life—machinery, iron and steel of all kinds, and so on—but much also in the way of luxuries, whether delicacies to consume, or soaps and perfumes to use in our adornment. So perhaps we must say rather that the Port of Paris is a plant absorbing through far-flung roots the duller and grosser things of earth, and breathing out, for the joy of all the world, colour, glow, nectar, and perfume.

As we follow the Seine up from Paris our first points of interest, outside the enceinte, are the great ports of Charenton and Ivry. Charenton, indeed, has two, being at the meeting of Marne and Seine. By Villeneuve-St-Georges, a busy industrial centre, we reach Corbeil—another great centre of industry, which began life as an eleventh-century stronghold against the Northmen. Readers and writers of books should note, if they pause here, the monument to the town's benefactors, the publishers Galignani.

Melun is also an ancient site, perhaps Gaulish.

Industries here are already becoming more countrified ; and it is a great market centre. Its church, on the island, still retains (after much restoring) its Romanesque towers. It is from Melun that we can conveniently reach Barbizon, unless we prefer to go first to Fontainebleau from Vulaines-sur-Seine.

Our next point will be Montereau, again an ancient monastic centre ; it has its name from a monastery of St-Martin founded in the sixth century. Its full title is Montereau-faut-Yonne, for here the impetuous Yonne " fails ", in the sense that it reaches the Seine. The fine church possesses the sword of Jean-Sans-Peur, whose assassination here led to all the horrors of civil war and of the presence of an enemy (ourselves) rashly called in by the succeeding duke, Philippe-le-Bon. " Hinc illæ lacrimæ " indeed. France was to suffer agonies too deep for words ; and even the splendour of St Joan's meteoric victories passed into dull and gloomy smoke and ashes. Only with toil and further suffering were the English " chased "—as St Joan said they must be chased—" from the Fatherland ".

CHAPTER X

PROVINS AND TROYES

PROVINS lies on the Voulzie and the Durteint —the Voulzie subject of an almost Wordsworthian poem by Hégésippe Moreau, the Durteint apparently a genuine example of the stream which fixes or ingrains a dye. I rather think it has the repute, like the Baetis in Spain, for colouring the wool on the back of the sheep; the difficulty being that the sheep is not normally a river-drinking animal. Anyhow, let the Durteint have all available credit.

Provins cannot possibly be overlooked by anyone wayfaring in the Seine valley. It is a model little mediaeval town—industry below, strength and devotion above. Its acropolis in the old days must have been of very great beauty, and even now, what with ramparts, gates, wall-towers, and the great Church of St-Quiriace and the (foolishly called) Tower of Caesar left, it is striking enough.

If Troyes is the home of the goldsmith's weight, Provins is apparently the home of the sou. With a mint of its own and a great fair—in fact three great fairs every year—Provins became as adept as any present-day French town in passing on to the

stranger its local coinage. The city was thrice in English hands, coveted as it must have been owing to the generosity of the Counts of Champagne. The Revolution swept much away, but much still remains. The broken ramparts remain still stalwart here and there—broken elsewhere, as at the Trou-au-Chat, or breach made by the clawing engine called the "Cat". The Porte St-Jean, guarding the Paris road, is a splendid piece of solid fortification; the Porte de Jouy has lost its arch and superstructure, but the Poterne Fanerou is still in good order.

One descends to the lower town by the Montagne du Bourreau, where in the Maison du Bourreau, the city's provost-marshal used to live.[1]

The tower is not Roman, but it is of the twelfth century. The mound at its foot and its wall were made by the English in the fifteenth. Its four flanking towers give it a solid and dignified appearance, and its isolation will appear the greater when we remember that it could only be entered, at the first floor, by a bridge. The tourist now enters into the lower room by a breach in the wall.

The church, which is only part of a contemplated edifice, is even so on cathedral scale. Heavy and bizarre outside, it is fine Gothic within.

Round about the village—for so it is now—of the High Town are farm-buildings erected on the crypts of old monastic houses—but there still survives the great tithe-barn, now, in part, a museum, and

[1] Sanson was its last official inhabitant.

TOUR DE CÉSAR, PROVINS

(what certainly charmed me most of all at Provins), the old well, the cross, and a delightful Romanesque house.

But we have not done with Provins when we have left the upper town. There is the magnificent front of St-Ayout, most irregular, but most effective. Its tower is Romanesque of the best. Ste-Croix is rather more regular. Built on the site of an old chapel, to receive a fragment of the true Cross (St Quiriace, we must remember, was the converted Jew who showed the place where it lay to St Helena), it has been a good deal altered in the sixteenth century, and suffered also from being made a powder factory in the Revolution.

Of Notre-Dame du Val only the tower remains. In the lower town are some fine old buildings. The hotel in which I stayed is of the thirteenth century. The Hôtel de Vauluisant, originally belonging to the Cistercians of Vauluisant, has a charming front upon the street. A stable close by, vaulted and carved, is all the remains of the Hôtel des Lions.

At Provins one must expect anything anywhere, and—with the appropriate politenesses—put one's head in everywhere. The hospital itself is the old house of the Cordelières, with a beautiful cloister of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

One must hope that Provins will long retain its isolation and its charm—the city of old-world buildings and of old-world roses, for it was to Provins that the crusading count brought the

lovely eastern rose, miscalled of Provence, which came to figure in our Royal arms.

One of the joys of Troyes is that if your party be, as mine was, of three, you can go little excursions by train, and then on the return practise saying, " Trois troisièmes Troyes ", which I take it is the nearest French equivalent for " Two to Looe ".

In any case, Troyes should be visited by all who in their early youth were teased with the comparatively useless Troy weight. It is good to tread down our old bogies in their original haunts.

But there are other reasons why you should go there. It is not, as it once was, another Rouen, but it is not far off. Rouen gains by having retained more streets, more good houses, and splendid civil buildings. Troyes has some fine civil architecture, but the great fire of 1524 swept everything away and left wreck and ruin. Nicolas Hennequin, a merchant of Troyes, lost sixty houses in the flames ; but he did not file his schedule. Antoine Hennequin, at least, built in 1550 the sumptuous Hôtel de Vauluisant, one of Troyes's chief prides. But the tourist who has no eye for church architecture will be disappointed in Troyes. It is a city of churches, and was once very much more so. It is nearly impossible to sleep at Troyes for any long stretch now ; in the few still night-watches I could count up to twelve clocks. I do not know how many clocks there were in the good old days, but there was nearly a gross of bells. Apart from clocks, it is a busy, noisy industrial town. Its " centre of

animation" is a small one: everything goes through it; the hotels lie around it; the motor-drivers have that evil habit (not a purely French one) of honking—not to make the seen pedestrian jump, but to clear a way round the next corner; and, charming as Troyes is, it will not be a tourist resort till a great deal of this tohu-bohu is hushed by the Shindycat d'Initiative—for so at present one must name it. Motorists can "work" Troyes from a distance, but it is the work of some days to see it properly. Others can stay about in the neighbourhood.

Apart from the architecture there are the windows and the sculptures. In both of these Troyes is super-eminent, almost supreme. There was a great school of both; the sculpture received a strong Florentine impulse from one Domenico (he did not, it seems, know his surname, or if he did he was fond of aliases), who worked at Troyes about 1550. The native school was evidently strong enough to carry on by itself; but no harm was done by the Italian on-grafting, any more than in the work of the stained windows, in many of which we can also see Italian influence. These Troyan windows are indeed a marvel. There is hardly one that you can well pass by, and they are unending (despite the fact that one of the great window-staining families was named Brisetout [1]).

St-Urbain is the jewel of the churches. It is all of one time, and it is all very good. One

[1] In English, "Smasher".

makes obvious comparisons. Some speak of the Ste-Chapelle; but really St-Urbain is something of and by itself. It ought to have neighbouring buildings cleared away—at whatever cost—and all France and much of England would hasten to go and see it. As it is, save from the little garden by the canal, or from across the canal, one cannot realize its true grandeur. Troyes was not built in a day; and St-Urbain was not either—though its erection only covered the space of twenty years (apart from judicious completions of a later date).

Its story is of interest. In the days when people really understood democracy, a cobbler's boy became Pope; he—nobly unashamed—bought back his father's shop, and amassed large sums to build a collegiate church on its site. All did not, however, go well. The shop had been granted to certain nuns, and even after its cession these holy women believed they retained certain rights, of which they remained very jealous. The abbess, evidently a true daughter of Troy, and a termagant of an unusual carat, wrecked as much of the growing church as she and her nuns could reach. Nay, she boxed the ears of a bishop at the consecration of the cemetery. So, though the nucleus went up rapidly, the completion of the church was much delayed. The bishop (rather meanly, it must seem) used the power of excommunication to bring this " monstrous regiment of women " to their remaining senses. Still, it is no wonder he felt hurt.

Great sums must have been spent on the church

itself, and it has well repaid every sou. But the interior decoration does not correspond to the magnificence of the outside—one really hardly needs it. Before we enter, let us, however, note wherein the wonder of St-Urbain consists. As windows grew larger and larger, buttresses and flying buttresses at first grew stronger and stronger. But then, with all the gracefulness and delicacy of the windows, you had a heavy, and possibly ugly, counterpoise outside. The skill of the architect then came to lie in the gracefulness with which he could invest his buttresses while not weakening his structure. The builder of St-Urbain has managed this to an unusual perfection.

Inside, one is at once struck with the fine thirteenth-century windows of the choir; these represent patriarchs and prophets. The later windows, of nave and aisles, are quite good, and complete the decoration of the building as far as colour goes. Of statuary there is not a great deal, but it is good. At the entrance to the choir are a sorrowing Virgin and a St John; both are very good, especially the former, whose hands, showing the tension of grief, are marvellously carved. There is a quaint Virgin and Child, the Child holding a bunch of grapes for a bird to peck. On the wall of the north transept is a relief of a woman reclining, which is beautiful Renaissance work.

If St-Urbain comes first in beauty La Madeleine comes next—by reason of age, being the oldest of the Troyes churches. It is remarkable also for its stone screen; the wood or stone screens, which

most churches once have had, having long ago been destroyed. This screen at once attracts the eye. It may perhaps not wholly fit its surroundings, but of itself it is most beautiful, besides being something of a miracle, for it is supported from above by a concealed arch rather than from below.

In the Madeleine, too, is to be found the statue which of all the Troyan sculptures appears to my untutored eye to approach perfection most nearly. It is St Martha, and she has lost her tarasque; but the moment chosen is evidently that of the vanquishment of the noxious dragon, since the saint still holds the holy water bowl in her left hand. The attitude is wonderful—an easy, but assured, pose; the expression of the face is even more so; no unholy triumph, but a kind of sorrow and pity; the beast is tamed; it has come into the circle; and St Martha seems only to be regretting its unsatisfactory past. There is a legend that the statue is the gift of the Troyan maid-servants, at the touch of whose pail and broom vermin is cowed.

The glass of the apse chapels is very wonderful, especially a strange series representing the Creation. The animals, in the scene of creation of the animal world, are represented by an elephant, camel, and baboon, for the wild species; a horse and donkey, a singularly smug and pious rabbit, and a snail, which may for aught I know be trying to look smug also. The snail appears as a decoration on the door of the sacristy. We must not forget that we are approaching Burgundy. At Châtillon, on

RUE URBAIN IV AND ÉGLISE ST.-JEAN, TROYES

the outside of a restaurant, there are, in the middle, a beautiful little Madonna and Child—ancient, in their canopied niche—and, on either side, a gigantic crayfish and a gigantic snail. Not far from there, also, is the depository of a great snail-merchant, with the legend " ESCARGOTS EN GROS ".

But to return to the windows: there is also the life of St Louis, a splendid Tree of Jesse, and other subjects, making a blaze of glory. There are other statues besides St Martha—one, St Robert, of wood.

The Cathedral is unfinished, and its façade architecturally is heavy, though its decoration is splendid. The tracery of the windows, seen from outside, is delightful, and so are the flying buttresses; and the north door is magnificent. But it is inside where the real glories are. The splendour of the whole is increased to an unusual degree by the glazed triforium, the usual outer supporting wall of the triforium being broken by a full line of windows, filled with gorgeous glass. How the architect has contrived this I cannot see. From outside, the roofs of the chapels hide the triforium, but where you usually have a wall no doubt you may have windows. I have never before seen a glazed triforium, and was most impressed by the effect of the window colours being carried on just where one usually gets a blank wall seen through the arcading; and the arcading itself somehow does not spoil, but enhances, the effect of the windows.

This glazed triforium seems to be essentially

French. The chapel roofs were either high-pitched or flat (or " hipped " on all sides, as at St-Ouen of Rouen), so that light could come into the triforium ; and thus the builders realized their ambition of building with the absolute minimum of walls. Other examples, besides St-Ouen, are the cathedrals of Metz, Cologne, Amiens, Beauvais, and the Church of St-Pierre, Chartres.

The choir glass is of the thirteenth century. That of the nave is later, but most beautiful ; and one of the latest, a seventh-century window, " The Wine Press ", on the north side, if odd in its allegory and mysticism, is most striking and arresting. There is a good treasure in the Treasure Chamber, and a fire pump, which, while interesting and even picturesque, causes one no longer to wonder at the frequent devastating fires of its period. Such fires often began with lightning, especially when the spires were of wood—and it is a marvel of the Middle Ages that they went on so often reconstructing their spires. To a great many ancient churches one must always, in imagination, add a graceful wooden " flèche ".

The Church of St-Remy, which overlooks the market-place, has a charming spire on its fourteenth-century tower. The rest of the church suffers from alterations and also from additions of the sixteenth century, while part of its outer view is blocked by houses.

Within are pictures by the painter de Lestin, a native of Troyes. There are also ancient paintings

on wood, including a triptych (in the south aisle), all of much interest. But what really rivets the beholder in St-Remy is the remarkable relief of Girardon, "Death Praying", where the sculptor has contrived to impart the utmost appearance of devotion with the face and hands of a skeleton. Beneath this relief can be read the benefactions of Girardon to St-Remy and its parish. Most famous of all the ornaments of St-Remy is Girardon's bronze crucifix, over the high altar (where it is not too easy to study it).

The Church of St-Jean, hemmed in and even built into with houses, is remarkable for the height of its roof and for the odd little tower at the side on which its clock and bells stand. The present church is choir and apse of a great church that was to have been. Little remains, thanks to the great fire of 1524, of the building in which took place the marriage of Henry V with Katharine of France —to the preliminaries of which Shakespeare, or some actor supposed to be expert in broken English, has consecrated his worst efforts—not, perhaps, without some sense of historic justice. Apart from Troy weight, we learn in our early stages something of the Treaty of Troyes, which this unfortunate marriage consolidated. The child of the happy pair, of whose future fulminations Henry V is made to speak boastfully, was the weak Henry VI, who nevertheless was one of the few Henrys possessed of even the weaker virtues.

The interior of this church is dignified, and there

are some treasures of art ; the paintings of Mignard of Troyes, chiefly the " Baptism ", which helps to excuse the heavy reredos, and an entirely pleasing " Visitation " in stone—two portraits, evidently, of the period just before the new style came in. In the apse reredos are very fine reliefs, of which " The Last Supper " by Julyot is of special artistic excellence.

St-Pantaléon is of later date. By its side runs an odd little street, over which the church's gargoyles project.

The church itself is not of any great merit, but it contains a galaxy of statues, some of which—notably the St-James (first pillar on the right)—are the work of the Florentine Domenico. But all are worth study ; and we can only be grateful that so much good work escaped the Revolution. A very remarkable group, thoroughly dramatic and yet very well restrained, is the arrest of Crispin and Crispinian, the brother cobblers of Châlons. Embarrassed, perhaps, with the multitude of statues, a former curé has grouped several into a calvary in one of the chapels. Two startingly life-like figures look down from a balustrade. There are fine windows, especially the historical window representing the victory (over the infidels) of Simancas.

St-Nicolas permits us a slight respite from this superabundance of artistic treasures, but it has its share, remarkable for its strange balcony or gallery (which played formerly a part in the ceremonies of Good Friday). In the gallery is a calvary (it is

too dark to see the painting clearly), and two very fine statues—a Christ at the column and a Christ falling beneath the Cross—are at the other end. There are some excellent "grey" windows, often retouched, but none the worse for that.

Let the reader not weary of ecclesiastical splendours. St-Nizier, a fine church beyond the cathedral, is almost an orgy of beautiful windows, some of which are strangely fanciful, allegorical, or mystical. In one of the chapels is a "Mise au Tombeau", justly admired, and on a pillar is a superb "Christ of Pity". There is a good Fragonard picture.

The reader is already wondering where this profusion will end. But he must visit the little wooden Chapel of St-Gilles, where are wonderful paintings on panels (it is well to inquire of the sacristan of St-Jean, to which the chapel belongs), and he must by no manner of means neglect St-Martin—rather a long way out, but a tram will help—where he will again be dazzled by windows richly dight, of which "The Apocalypse" (incomplete) is possibly the most remarkable. But we must not omit special mention of "The Taking of Jerusalem" (these historical windows are always of especial interest) and "The Credo". The experts pick out the "St Anne" window as the real jewel of the collection; I do not know. I was "knocked of a heap" by the splendour of them all, but "The Apocalypse" (Dürer's influence is traceable, perhaps) appeared to me the finest.

The bad modern windows of St-Savinien (the church is a monument to sisterly affection; Ste Savine is said to have died of a broken heart on its site, hearing of her brother's martyrdom) come as a positive relief. But there are old and beautiful ones too, many paintings on panels (a remarkable "Passion"), and other most valued examples of the best craftsmanship in stone and wood of the best period of Troyes.

One can rather feebly imagine what a dozen or so of the best pre-Renaissance great houses of Troyes must have been, inside and out.

The Renaissance "Hôtels" which survive are nevertheless good. The Consular House, next the Town Hall (itself not to be despised), the Hôtels des Ursins, Vauluisant, and half a dozen others, are splendid examples of their periods. Taken as a whole, they would not be unworthy of Poitiers or Rouen.

Besides the "Synagogue Street" next to St-Pantaléon, there are other good mediaeval streets, especially the rue des Chats, so called apparently (though I suspect that the name is a corruption, perhaps of Achats) because the cats can walk from one side to the other without troubling to jump. The houses actually touch, and the overhanging eaves of one side almost do for the gables of the other. The illustrator, while at work, observed a cat which crossed and recrossed from house to house—from one side of the street, that is, to the other—without so much as a jump; then it hung itself

RUE DES CHATS, TROYES

by one leg, like a monkey by its tail, and swung itself on to a rain-pipe, which it descended at leisure. Evidently the rue des Chats is the place to observe the utmost feline acrobatics.

A "river street", with all the mediaeval smells yet about it, crosses the rue Kléber, and there are capital "old bits" left round the cathedral. In the rue Kléber and elsewhere are good examples of "eyebrow" gables, which seem to have been common at Troyes. One expects to find these in a country much visited by snow; at Troyes they were perhaps only a picturesque fashion.

It may finally be added that Troyes, always a city of art and learning, has an uncommonly good library, and an excellent museum housed in the old conventual house of St-Loup, where are first-rate examples (if the reader can do with them) of Troyan sculpture and painting, with some fine pieces of domestic architecture and ornament.

CHAPTER XI

CHÂTILLON AND SOURCE-SEINE

IT is perhaps rather forgotten that the Seine begins its course by running south to north, before it becomes the great west-to-east highway running through a great part of the breadth of France.

If ever the history of a country depended upon one geographical feature it is that of France, in its dependence on the Seine. One asks oneself again and again, Why is Paris the capital of France? Why does a city, not central, not in the best climate, not in the most beautiful surroundings that France can offer, and easily vulnerable to enemies from west, north, north-east, and east, oust its rivals—Bordeaux, Tours, Lyons, and, despite periodic desertions, remain in every possible sense the capital of France? The Seine is the answer—the Seine, that is, with her tributaries (the word has its full meaning here) of Marne, Oise, meeting actually in the Basin of Paris [1]—to say nothing of lesser but highly important incoming streams and rivers.

When the Romans pushed north, and found this

[1] The actual basin, the "Bassin de Paris," includes a wider geological district.

great solemn-flowing stream, opening up to them north or west alike, they at once saw, with insight most laudable in those whose map-making was still a bit vague, that the Paris basin was the heart of Gaul. In that basin, and on the Seine, were certain islands, over which a great high-road might run north and south, which, with the north-flowing rivers and the roads that might run along the valleys either way, gave a great cross-roads, or "carfax", that could be nowhere else in France. Hence was developed Lutetia Parisiorum; and when the Romans got their maps of Gaul into some sort of order they saw what we can now so easily see with ours, that Paris was the heart of a great spider-web of waterways; everything came to Paris just because everything could not help coming, and Paris became the great natural clearing-house of "all Gaul", and indeed all Britain too.

I leave to my more learned readers to study Northern France geologically; they will thus get several stages farther back, and will find why these rivers flowed and flow where they did and now do, and why—for this is the important thing—the impetuous Rhône, coming from far Alpine heights, had to give way to the stately pacing Seine and her suite of stately pacing maids of honour, scandalized alone by the presence of the tripping, dancing Yonne, who breaks into that matronly company like a naughty, freakish schoolgirl in knitted jersey and shorts.

When we considered above why Paris is the greatest port of France, as well as her greatest city,

the answer partly lay in this smooth stateliness of the Seine and her tributaries, whereby even a flood from above can be watched, timed, and —usually—coaxed into respectable behaviour.

No wonder the great Rhône must yield to the Seine the palm ! No wonder that the Loire, beautiful and stately as the Seine, had to give way to a river which does not allow its bed to be silted with shifting banks of sand, but goes on its course unbroken, irresistible, patient as Eternity.

There can be no doubt that the river which meets the open sea between Honfleur and Le Havre has no right to be considered other than that which comes into being not far from Châtillon, north, and a little west, of Dijon. This is the continuous stream, and this is the stream which itself enters none other, but into which others enter. Continuous, I say ; though we shall see that the Seine does once pass through a period of something like eclipse. The source lies nearly two kilometres south-east of St-Germain-Source-Seine. Not far away were found remains of a little temple, and among them a little bronze galley, offered, no doubt, to the stream-goddess Sequana. This bronze you can see in the Museum of Dijon with other relics—medals, thrown, no doubt, into the spring. Other relics you can find at Châtillon, and perhaps more rightly so, as we shall see.

The little galley is interesting. It tells us at once that the Romans had lost no time in grasping the navigability of the Seine. Lutetia was head-quarters

of the Corporation of Boatmen, as Paris is now head-quarters of a navy of bargees and tug-men.

But the Seine is not navigable yet. It is a tiny stream, infantile, weakly. In fact, such is the geological formation of its bed that the Seine might disappear as soon as yielded to the light of day, did not a number of sister-springs join their slender but sufficient forces. Up from a cavern below-ground springs the stream of Lafont, as the Seine passes the ancient village of Duesme, once the home of early Dukes of Burgundy. Little streamlets begin the imposing line of Seine tributaries; the "ru" of Charmeronde, the Batterelle, the larger Brevon. Then comes quite a serious village, Aisey-sur-Seine, first of many "sur-Seines", with a castle also, once a residence of the Duchesses. But now comes the Seine's "mauvais quart d'heure"; the porous bed is ready to swallow up even the now accumulated sources and springs—in hot weather as good as does so! The Seine is almost lost to us; fainting, at least, and unconscious; but just when our need is the sorest, in comes the stream of a never-failing spring or "douix", the Douix of Châtillon, already abundant as it flows from beneath its rock-stratum. As the town of Châtillon has diverted to its use the runlet of Goulottes, which might have spared us all anxiety, it is right that Châtillon should make good with its "douix", and, having done so, may boast that, but for the Douix of Châtillon, there were—now and then—no Seine at all. With

further help and strength from the medicinal spring of " the Dukes ", Seine is not only saved, but goes on her way a soundly established river, never to complain again of want of waters, but often perhaps to complain of too many.

The Seine above Troyes is certainly of a monotonous beauty ; but it is broken by the pretty, red-tiled villages and by its glorious poplars. Often —as at Fouchères—one finds fine old bridges.

The first Burgundian vines appear at Polison, whence runs a junction to Les Riceys, rightly celebrated for their pink wines.

There is no particular reason why one should go to Nogent except to see its splendid church tower and a fine old house. But I went also in order to see what is left of the Paraclet—some eight or ten kilometres away—and of the burial-place of Abélard and Héloïse. I found some fine farm-buildings, remains of the abbey, and the owner very kindly let me go into the park and see, behind the little modern chapel, the obelisk which marks the spot where the two were laid, undivided in death. They lie now in Père-Lachaise.

As a pleasant and attractive finish to an up-Seine journey one could hardly do better than Châtillon. When its castle stood, it must have been like Provins, or other acropolis towns, with stronghold and church dominating the industrial town. Of the castle (on a pre-Roman site ; rebuilt by the Dukes of Burgundy) there remains not a great deal ; but the Tower of Gissey, with the old kitchen in

the lower part—at one time it was used as a mausoleum—is quite dignified, though it is unfortunately too far from the Church of St-Vorles to be seen together with it. The two towers which belong to the more intimate part of the castle are in the cemetery, and formed part of the defences of the other side of the hill. St-Vorles is a magnificent Romanesque building. It can best be seen over the bridge of the Pertuis (while, if you look back from the bridge, you will get some good backs of old houses, built on arches over the stream). Nearer approach will show it to be of very pure style of its period. Its central tower, in two stories, is square; its western tower is capped with a short spire. The apse is rather hidden, but is good and characteristic. On the right, as one enters, in a dark chapel, is a strange "Mise au Tombeau" by a local sculptor, with two curious Gog and Magog-like figures on either side. These must have been imported from some quite different group. On the pillars are curious paintings of St Vorles and his numerous beneficent activity. One, of especial appropriateness to Châtillon, represents him ending war—with an inscription as follows :—

> Si la guerre est un feu si la guerre est un foudre
> Une forte tempeste un brouillard un quarreau,
> S Vorle mer laurier huile peut et flambeau
> L'esteindre l'empescher l'appaiser le dissoudre.

Has the Victory of the Marne finished the good work of St Vorles ?

In a chapel to the right is a sixteenth-century picture of the translation of St Vorles's relics. In a crypt chapel on the left is some very early work (some say sixth-century); but the chapel is chiefly noted as the place where St Bernard is said to have composed the hymn *Ave Maris Stella.*

St Bernard was nine years at school here; but the tradition we would so like to accept—that he composed the great hymn to the Virgin Mary, *Ave Maris Stella,* in the crypt of St-Vorles—has this much foundation only, that St Bernard laid great stress on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The hymn (ascribed also to St Fortunatus) occurs in a ninth-century manuscript of the Monastery of St-Gall.

Over the high altar is a Renaissance crozier, and upon it some very fine early embroidery.

There are other churches—St-Nicolas, in the centre of the town, is very dark, but there is a curious window representing a pilgrimage to Compostella. The architecture is good (the church goes back to the twelfth century, the choir being Gothic), but one can hardly make it out. The old Church of Notre-Dame is now the hospital chapel. There are several old monastic houses; the Church of the Carmelites is now the Palais de Justice; it is in the rue des Avocats—a quite astonishingly imposing street in so small a town. A very fine house—the old Royal Audience Chamber—is now the lock-up. The Ursulines' buildings are now a private house, and those of the Capuchines are turned into dwelling-

CHATEAU MARMONT

places. St Bernard lived probably in the old house of the Feuillants, on whose site now stands the Girls' School. By St-Nicolas Church, in the rue du Bourg, are fine fifteenth-century houses, and the sixteenth-century Maison Philandrier, being attributed to the architect of that name.

Châtillon has seen history. As one of the strong places of the Dukes of Burgundy it appears in historical records from an early date. It housed for a while the boy Louis XIII and Mazarin; and then—leaving aside the foolish Congress of the Allies in 1814, in the house called the Congress House—we find the French G.H.Q. installed during the Battle of the Marne, at the Cordeliers, with General Joffre staying at the Château Marmont, a fine modern building in a picturesque park. A tower of the old castle still remains. Thus from Châtillon was fought the great battle which won, though, alas! it did not end, the war; a battle where the French showed, against a triumphant and confident host, the great French military qualities of surprise, direct offensive, and quite remarkable manœuvring. General Joffre's famous Order of the Day (September 6, 1914)—"It is no longer the moment to look back"—is set up on the castle gates.

At Châtillon we are not yet at the source of the Seine, but it is the source of the Douix—a fine underground river bursting from a cavern, which really saves the life of the Seine in a dry season. The town authorities have made a fine avenue up to the

Douix, and above, on the hill, is another pleasant promenade, from which can be seen some of the surrounding hills. There were, in the neighbourhood, two Gaulish towns, Vertillum and Lasticum, and on Mt. Lassois, named from Lasticum, is the fine Church of St-Marcel. There are numerous good excursions to be made, and from Châtillon the source of the Seine can best be visited, as I shall presently describe. There is good trout-fishing about, though the fly is practically done with after mid-July. Châtillon has a capital hotel (called after the Department) and good cafés. There are pretty villages about, especially those on the Seine, above and below. Mussy, below, is quite a large village, with a dignified church, in which is a remarkable tomb ; Aisey, above, is a good centre for those who like a quiet life, and is made charming by the possession not only of the Seine but of the Brevon, which meets it there. On the Brevon, about three kilometres up, is a fish farm.

To reach the source of the Seine, one may travel by the light railway to St-Seine-l'Abbaye—a longish journey, but through beautiful valleys—where one can stay, and whence one can reach the source, about ten kilometres off. St-Seine-l'Abbaye is to be visited also for its very fine abbey church. The light railway goes on thence to Dijon. Or one can go direct by roadway through Aisey, by Duesme, where are imposing ruins of one of the Burgundian castles and a curious geological " hole " containing a spring. The last village on this route, Chanceaux,

has some very good old houses; it was evidently once an important centre.

The by-road leading to the source is now reasonably possible, at least in good weather.

Now for the source itself. One leaves the vehicle at a farm, and then descends a reasonable path, with charcoal-burners at work around you (I had so far thought that they existed only in German fairy-tales), till you reach a poor artificial grotto with a basin, and in the midst of the basin a damaged nymph. There is movement; it is really the spring, but the water is fouled, and cigarette-cards, very bedraggled, adorn the basin.

O princely Ville de Paris! You, who owe everything to the Seine, meant well when at the suggestion of the great Haussmann you set up this poor statue. Now, either repair the statue, cause the basin to be kept clean, and tidy up the grotto; or—better—brush it all away and leave the faint ooze which speaks of Seine to come! No Douix here, bursting forth a lively stream—only a poor trickle; but it is the Goddess Sequana all the same; and after all, even the greatest of us were once babies.

I had much difficulty to get a little thimbleful of Seine water to drink; but at a convenient forester's hut lower down one finds all the accessories of a picnic—sparkling Seine water, white cheese and abundant cream, and coffee to wind up. Tame rabbits come and eat your scraps. The valley, even in this hundred yards, has deepened, and the stream looks already like a river to be. Not so

many kilometres down I landed a fine trout. The river had begun !

Our picnic meat was disturbed, like that of Aeneas and his crew, by the harpies—bold domestic fowls which appeared at all moments when one was not looking and seized everything.

Aeneas's harpies were certainly bold, rapacious birds not yet domesticated, who therefore knew no better.

Only a few kilometres away is the source of the Iglon, which runs into the Rhône valley. It is not at the actual source of the Seine, but a kilometre or two away, that the various coins and other objects (a little bronze boat, for example) were found which are now at the Dijon Museum.

CHAPTER XII

HONFLEUR AND HOME

FROM Source-Seine I descended the river, as I had ascended it, as far as the Andelys, revisiting much interesting old ground; and thence travelled down by the left bank, but leaving the river for considerable distances on the way, rejoining it finally at Honfleur.

Honfleur is, relative to its accessibility, the most charming spot in France. Indeed, speaking absolutely, it is not easy to find a more attractive, and a more French, little seaside town. There are those who like better something of the Trouville kind—well, Trouville is not far off, and you can visit it from Honfleur daily if you wish, as well as Deauville, Criquebœuf, Villerville.

Probably many tourists find amusement in the Chapel of Our Lady of Pity at Honfleur. Certain it is that a good deal one sees there is quaint beyond words. Apart from "Allant à laGuadeloupe", which I regard as its finest sea-piece, there are many terrific paintings and sketches of the extremities to which sea-goers may be reduced, and one soon gets the general impression that "worse things" *can't* "happen at sea".

It is odd how one's ideas and guide-books mislead. My idea of the chapel—not having seen Honfleur for some years—was that it had grown into a sort of smaller Lourdes. How pleasing to find the simple little chapel, its pretty porch and little belfry, just a real little sailor's church on the hill. Then some guide-book told me that I should find a large number of ships in bottles. These I had desired to see in the mass, in order that by the process of Induction by Simple Enumeration—what though somewhat untrustworthy—I might perhaps find out how the ships ever got into the bottles.

These may, indeed, have lurked in the bins of some cellar or crypt ; but I saw not one, and I was glad at my disappointment, since ships in bottles, however quaint, inevitably suggest vulgar bottles in ships. There are some capital models, and one ship made in a sabot pleased me much. Treat these oddities, O wayfarers, with reverence. Each represents someone real, something real. Real men, and brave ones, have, indeed, been delivered from great perils on the seas. Walk softly : keep the jokes for outside. Abjure those words so often applied to foreign places of worship, " mummery " and " flummery", and reflect that the poor snapshot of the baby hung on the Madonna's statue means a real baby, and a baby once sick to death ; that the ribbon of the bridal wreath means a real bride, whose sailor-bridegroom was soon borne away—perhaps, indeed, " allant à la Guadeloupe " ; that the cutlasses on the walls have probably seen real

dangerous fighting; it is all real, it is all life. A solemn, sacred little place. Its modern windows are not without charm, especially one of the fisher-folk making their offerings to the Madonna of the ruined chapel (as it was); the man offers, in miniature, his boat; the woman, graceful, in lovely coif, her baby. The boat and the baby—all their treasure!

I was very happy at Honfleur. St-Catherine's alone, one of the most beautiful things in the world, would make one happy. Why are there not more of these great tree-pillared churches? We still have magnificent oak belfries and porches, but it is the "altogether" of St-Catherine's which is so completely wonderful. As I sat by a window, absorbing it all, there came sounds of children without, playing some odd "counting-out" game. I watched them later on, a happy little chain, with a kind of sailor-man steering the smaller ones on their devious courses. In the porch was a sedate group playing cards; they had highly coloured garments, like a Venetian children-group. I took occasion to observe the soles of their boots, and was glad to see how sound they all were. This is a sure index of the state of a town or village, and I beg all wayfarers, when they find the children's boots are "out", to go into the church of the place and give liberally to the poor-box.

At Honfleur everybody was friendly. As often happens in the lesser hotels, where I always "descend", the household drifted in during dinner

and made amiable conversation. This conversation, however, was of rather a horrific nature, since it dealt with the frequency of fires, and the probability of our having to turn out and flee for our lives in the middle of the night. One made feeble jokes about the beauty of one's silk pyjamas and dressing-gowns. Nothing untoward happened that night, but the chattering maid, who was a regular French Flora Casby, and rattled on without stops, was justified, for next morning I heard a great tohu-bohu in the street, and found a real fire-engine driving in full career to the public rescue and to the public danger. All Honfleur was there ; a fine tall fisherman, running from his boat, was seized, dragged down for kisses, and rushed off by his two little daughters, bubbling with animation, despite the brave man's " Peuh ! une cigarette dans une cheminée ! " and, indeed, this proved to be exactly what had happened. A lithe figure—clad, like Mephistopheles, in " protective " flame colour—I took to be the supreme chief of the " pompiers " ; he was the " chasseur " of my hotel. The fire happened conveniently in the " rue des Puits ", and was soon put out—in fact, it never had a fair chance.

If the fire failed me, there was a real cat-hunt on the way back, the pack being two fine little terriers ; and I concluded that a live cat is better than a dead fire.

On the morning of my departure, when my coffee was brought by the loquacious damsel, I prayed her to pull the curtains and tell me of the weather ;

she swirled aside the curtains with an " air ", struck a Siddonesque attitude, and exclaimed, " Ah, ah ! de grosses lames blanches, monsieur ! de grosses lames blanches ! " And then disappeared to bring me a most unusual jorum of hot water, to give me, I suppose, my last fresh-water ablutions on earth.

It may be worth while telling travellers that, when they arrive at Le Havre from Honfleur or Trouville with baggage, all they need do when the " octroi " man stops them on the quay is to wave a hand, if it can be spared, in the direction of the Hantonia or Normannia, and say " Sootomtom ", when all will be well.

He is a foolish man who regards the Havre–Honfleur steamer as a lesser craft. Its departure is that of a great liner. A clock begins to strike, the skipper appears bustling on his little bridge, vigorous rings go down to the engineers, you cast off ; excited people appear, measuring the jump, and usually refusing, and though they have lost, probably, a day, the skipper throws them not a glance. It is a great occasion. The worthy skipper may perhaps feel in his heart of hearts that his dignity has suffered by his very activity ; the captain of a liner does nothing, and has merely to assume a particular cast of features to put his great vessel in action. Nevertheless, it is bravely done, and one realizes how in every Frenchman there lurks all the time a Napoleon.

The wise traveller will always spend much time in local and " regional " museums, especially if

these are definitely "folk-museums". What he sees in the museums will quicken his vision as he walks abroad; what he sees among the people, in the villages and hamlets, will take his mind back to the museum. Thus he will become a keen observer. The arrangement of the farmhouses, the furniture of interiors (where he can see them), even the horse-troughs, will set him thinking. It is for this reason that every traveller, whether his normal mode of motion be train, car, or boat, should do a good deal of "pottering" on foot. Mere motoring is without doubt the worst possible form of travel; you do not even meet the old market-women as you do in the trains. Motorists should—as already suggested—make themselves hard-and-fast rules to jettison their car for considerable periods on the way.

The Honfleur Museum is a very good folk-museum; not so much perhaps a general "Norman" museum as a "local-types" museum; but quite complete and well arranged as far as it goes. It is divided between the old Church of St-Étienne and an old house adjoining. Most interesting, perhaps, are the interiors of peasants' and fishermen's cottages, and the furniture and costumes of old Normandy. Among these the coifs take an important place.

The "evolution" of Norman furniture is from the hutch to the cupboard, and the stool to the chair. The hutch in old days—in Normandy as elsewhere—was the step by which one climbed into

bed. Then bigger and more ornamental hutches or chests came in, and at length the big cupboard or "armoire", with its various developments and ornamentations. Sometimes the cupboards actually enshrine old panels of hutches or coffers. It is not really difficult to date a cupboard, by the straight lines of the earlier and the curves of the later, by the severity of the carvings under Louis XIII or XIV, and the elaboration under Louis XVI. If you see a "cap of liberty" used as an ornament in the carving, you will know that you have a Revolution "armoire" before you. These are uncommon.

Clock cases, of course, go also through a series of changes, from the rectangular to the curved designs with a "waist". Of all these good specimens are at Honfleur.

Narrow coif wardrobes are of interest, as they will not be made any more; the coif has nearly gone, certainly the tall coif which required careful stowing.

There are a very large number of other exhibits in the museum: a printing-press is one (it is of a rare kind with wood blocks). There are relics of Honfleur's trade overseas, military uniforms, stage properties, and some good china and porcelain.

The part of the exhibits collected in the church is more directly concerned with the history of Honfleur itself. It is all worth a very careful visit.

I was amused, on my visit, with the "bénitier pour faire boire les chevaux"; it seemed so odd

a periphrasis, though there is a word—" auge "—for a horse-trough.

Then there was a pleasing little girl who received willingly instruction on history from her parents, but herself instructed them in all matters to do with ecclesiology, stained-glass windows, and saints. This is perhaps rather typical of modern France.

So to the ship, kind ship, which, if you have got a berth, lets you go on board at nine, and read, or sleep, or both, till the Paris train (it sounds better so ; it is really the Havre tram) comes in. A blessed interval of peace and comfort, despite the odd way in which they make ships' beds, and sweetened the more to me by the thought that my neat little cabin would probably remain all my very own.

Alas ! for all human peace, most human hopes ! The train's arrival alongside was made known at once by shrill voices, demanding cabins, arranging for calling in the morning. Why does the quite musical intonation of my countrywomen, as long as they are on this side of the Channel, turn almost to a shriek on the other ? These preliminaries done, each one asked the stewardess whether we should have a rough night ? Not all together, but each after each : another locust coming to beg another grain of sympathy and hope. But I have a device. By such bribery and corruption, from the proceeds of this work, as the Southern Railway may countenance, I shall cause the chamber-maid

of Honfleur to be installed stewardess—obviously some stout fisherman's stalwart daughter, she will fear no storms. With the rest of my available property I shall bribe the new stewardess to reply to each such inquiry: "Ah! ah! de grosses lames blanches, madame! De GROSSES lames blanches!" So shall we menfolk sleep in peace.

When all was nearly quiet, ominous voices travelled towards me along what one must, in shippy language, term the alley-way—a late arrival, who had, perhaps, missed the train. And woe, ah woe, he is ushered into my little cubby-house! But wait! He expostulates! All may yet be well. I, shamming sleep, catch a swift glance cast (the rude person!) round my bunk-curtain; and the glance is enough! Frantically, though in subdued tones, he seeks to suborn a too, too loyal steward by bribes of fabulous amount! Anywhere but there! For a hectic moment I nearly started up in bed to add my liberal subscription to the fund; but all was lost, and my spare bunk was occupied by what I am sure was a most unpleasant person, though, as I do not peep round curtains and do "turn out" early, I did not set eyes upon him.

I have always been brought up to admire the family nose. One traced it in portraits and old daguerreotypes, one read Sterne's famous dissertation. It was not, surely, this that nearly saved me my cabin since Nature had treated my companion, I somehow suspect, homeopathically, and with quite

a liberal dose (should I say nose?); yet I have often been grateful for its possession.

But since a stout—and no doubt stupid—British constable on the Southampton quay, despite my manly bearing and my waved British passport, herded me in with a lot of very unmistakable aliens, who "uttered a deal of stinking breath", and were in many ways rather horrid people—since that moment, I say, I am wholly disgruntled with my inheritance. "Je le conspue."

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